The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

We repeat for the tenth time, Tilden will be the nominee.

Butler, pull down your *west*.

Delegate Flanagan, of Texas, to Ward in his cell: "What are you here for?"

An Easton Jewess, the other day, eloped with a mulatto man.

Grant had a Ward, now let him have a guardian.

Le Moyne crematory is said to have more applications for burning bodies than it can attend to. Why not send 'em over to that other crematory that has been in operation over 4000 years? Its capacity is unlimited.

The Republican National convention is in full blast now at Chicago, but nothing done, as we go to press, to indicate what kind of a grist it will grind. Whether it will be an Arthur grist, Blaine chop, Edmunds bran, or dark-horse shorts, we may be able to tell in the next issue of the REPORTER.

An item has been published in some of the dailies that Judge Hoy is not a candidate for President Judge. This is not correct, and we are authorized by the Judge to say that he is a candidate for the position and at no time had any idea of declining.

After a trial of several terms in Centre and Huntingdon counties, the people have seen the evidences of a safe and competent judge in Mr. Hoy. There is not a legal gentleman in this commonwealth of stricter integrity, and a judge having this quality coupled with undoubted legal ability is beyond price. The people of this district can make no better choice—under Judge Hoy's occupancy of the bench every man's rights will be secure and justice keep her abode within our court-chambers.

The announcement of Judge Hoy, as a candidate, will be found in this issue of the REPORTER.

The Philad. *Times* very properly thinks if a thief should steal a bag of meal or a horse in New York, the delay in arresting and forcing him to trial would scarcely enable him to arrange his business affairs or to confer extensively with his friends. Yet it took three or four days more than a fortnight to reach the conclusion to arrest Ferdinand Ward, while almost three weeks had passed before James D. Fish and John C. Eno were subjected to the righteous process. These men had deliberately stolen or gambled away millions of other people's money and had done everything that recklessness and dishonesty could produce a general financial panic.

The New York State Board of Health reports a terrible condition of affairs in the cow stables at Blissville, Long Island, near New York City. Pleuro-pneumonia exists in all the stables. The dying cattle are milked, then killed and the carcasses smuggled into New York and Brooklyn and sold for food.

The new Mahdi, who is stated to have appeared in the Soudan, claims the power to become invisible at will. A story is told by the natives that the Mahdi sent soldiers to capture the prophet, but when the soldiers had surrounded the divan in which he was sitting, he suddenly vanished in the air.

What a capital bank president he would make for a Wall street concern—if the institution went up he could "go up" with it; might do pretty well for a dark horse for the fellows now in convention at Chicago.

Ferdinand Ward was visited in Ludlow street jail, Friday, 30 ult., by his counsel, Mr. Sheppard. In reply to a question he said "the responsibility of General Grant and John D. Fish in the firm of Grant & Ward was the same as my own."

Now Gen. Grant has the floor.

The prevailing opinion about the capitol seems to be that Blaine is steadily gaining. Senator Voorhees said: "Oh, Blaine will be the nominee. That's clear."

Fred Grant is short 1½ millions, and Jesse R. also in a large sum.

President Fish now says that he did not mean to charge that Gen. Grant had any guilty knowledge of the frauds in government contracts, but simply intended to say that the letters received from Gen. Grant were of such a tenor as to warrant any one having confidence in representations made by Ward. John D. Fish says that his father regarded Gen. Grant's opinion in regard to Ward's transactions as similar to his own; that both of them were misled to the extent of trusting entirely to what was said by Ward.

The Penn Bank of Pittsburg is the boss breaker. It broke one day last week, opened for business two days after then broke again.

The Union Deposit Bank, of Greensburg, has gone up. Liabilities, $100,000. Many poor workingmen lose their hard earned savings.

The greenbackers met in national convention last week, and nominated Ben. Butler for President. A ballot resulted 323 votes for Butler, 98 for Harper and a few for the other candidates. Solon Chase, although not placed in nomination, received two votes. General Butler was declared the nominee.

The convention then nominated General A. M. West, of Mississippi, by acclamation for Vice President.

The Reading railroad is in default and cannot make its June payment—$703,400 interest and $280,000 in dividends. A receiver will be asked for.

Up in Worcester they gave a bungling doctor his deserts, where, the other day, Dr. Franklin Pierce was found guilty of manslaughter. The defendant attended Mrs. Bemis and ordered her swathed from head to foot with kerosene bandages, by which the outer skin was destroyed. On a second visit he caused kerosene to be poured on the bandages without removing them to see the effect of his treatment. The woman died soon after. The jury was out ten minutes.

Tilden's health is pronounced robust by his two closest friends, Messrs. Bigelow and Green.

The accusation that Stanley Matthews was appointed to the Supreme bench by virtue of a bargain whereby a $300,000 contribution was made to the campaign fund in 1880 has been again revived. The story goes that Mr. T. C. Platt, once Senator from New York, has avowed his willingness to come forward and produce undoubted proof of the truth of the charge.

It is now taken for granted that the depositors of the broken Penn Bank of Pittsburg will be fortunate if they get 5 per cent. of the amounts of their deposits. The concern is completely gutted. The assets are fast diminishing and the liabilities are swelling even more rapidly. Those who had the call on the resources drew with an unsparing hand. The books shed very little light on the identity of those who deposited with the institution, as the accounts are in fictitious names. Capitalists like Wm. H. Vanderbilt are made to masquerade on the ledgers for those who received aid in some unknown way. The shortage grows greater as the intricacies of the book accounts are unravelled, and from less than $350,000 overdrawn it has grown to $1,000,000 now, and the end is not yet. So clear a sweep has rarely been made in Pittsburg. The liabilities will reach over $2,000,000.

There was half an inch of snow on the ground in Potter county on Saturday morning.

The Philadelphia weavers' association has declared for free trade.

Some more bank officials have got into limbo within the last few days. Keep putting them in.

Eno, the absconding New York bank president, was arrested at Montreal, on 30 ult.

Six attempts were made to burn Danville by incendiarism on Friday night.

The frost has done considerable damage to tobacco plants in York Co.

The signs at Chicago, says the *Patriot*, are that Blaine will lead on the first ballot, with about 350 votes, and that Arthur will follow with about 300. The Blaine boomers are very enthusiastic and vociferous but seem to lack discipline and system. The Arthur forces are well organized and are marshaled under the personal supervision of the president who is said to have telegraphic communication with Chicago by a private wire run into the White House.

This is going to be the greatest "off year" the rads ever had. They'll be put off for all time.

GOLD IN PINE BOARD.

A pine floor laid in a goldsmith's shop in ten years becomes worth $150 per foot. A Syracuse jeweler bought for less than $50 some sweeping that gave $208 worth of gold. In his cellar a tub into which is blown the dust from a polishing lathe accumulates $50 a year. A workman in that shop carried off at various times, on the tip of his moistened finger, $80 of filings in a few weeks. Workmen sometimes oil their hair and then run their fingers through it, leaving a deposit of gold particles, which they afterward wash out.

Receivers were appointed for the Reading railroad company, on Monday. The affair caused considerable anxiety in financial circles.

For the REPORTER.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The touching and impressive ceremonies of to-day will long remain fresh in our memories. Nothing occurred during the day to prevent us from rendering tribute to the memory of those who fell in defence of their country and loved ones.

The members of the Post, who live in and about Centre Hall, with a few citizens, left Centre Hall at 7 a. m., reaching Farmers Mills at 8 o'clock, where we were joined by other comrades, citizens and Farmers Mills cornet band. The procession—in whose ranks were Hon. J. B. Linn and Col. D. S. Keller—then marched into the cemetery. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Sarvis, after which to our extreme gratification and pleasure, we saw the Hon. Fred Kurtz alight from the coach. He was immediately pressed into service and gave us a good, solid little address—about which—more by and by. Colonel Keller then delivered an eloquent address. After the strewing of flowers and rendering of the dirge by the band we were dismissed by Rev. Sarvis, and left for Spring Mills, which place we reached by 10 o'clock, and were met by a large concourse of people, consisting of Sunday schools, citizens of the town and vicinity, and joined by the Spring Mills drum corps. After the procession was formed we were escorted to the cemetery. After the regular services Colonel Keller again addressed us. His address was able, and well received by all, after benediction marched to the hotel where we were dismissed. We were not long in finding Mr. Shaffer's dining room where we found a sumptuous dinner awaiting us. We know it was out of respect Mr. Shaffer had for the occasion that he treated us so excellently and liberally, for which he and his have our thanks.

After dinner the procession—now being swelled by citizens of Spring Mills and vicinity—started for Georges Valley where, on account of misrepresentation, we did not find many citizens assembled. It had been rumored that there would be no address delivered at that place, in consequence of which the Sunday school was out. We had an address, however, and a good one again by Mr. F. Kurtz, which was attentively listened to and appreciated by all who heard it.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies we left for Sprucetown, where we were met by the Loop cornet band, Sunday schools, and a large number of citizens from the country. After the regular services Hon. J. B. Linn addressed the audience. We will not attempt to discuss the address as we were only able to appreciate it, but not able to resist the influence of its impressive eloquence; and in this respect we were not alone. It was an able, patriotic and eloquent address which moved all who heard it.

When services were over at Sprucetown we left for Centre Hall being accompanied by two cornet bands, drum corps, citizens of Farmers Mills, Spring Mills, Georges Valley, Sprucetown and Potters Mills and vicinity.

Committees decorated at Centre Hill and Tusseyville.

The procession was met at Centre Hall by the Linden Hall cornet band—but as circumstances prevented our being present at Centre Hall we must ask some one who was there to speak of the ceremonies at that place. Now, Mr. Editor, a few words more and I shall not impose upon you longer. We never—since the organization of our Post—and I speak the sentiment of the members—felt so much encouraged, so happy and so thankful as we did Memorial day. We found we had the assistance, co-operation and sanction of the citizens generally. We were especially pleased to see and hear Hon. Fred Kurtz take so much interest in the work. He delivered two addresses, both of which were eloquent and patriotic. We know that his presence (at his own expense, too,) and his addresses will go far towards correcting the false impression regarding the object of our organization. Mr. Kurtz knows, as should every citizen, that one and the main object is to perpetuate the memory of those who fought and died in defence of our homes, and that we have other and pure motives in being bound together; and all should know, too, that our Post could not exist if we carried politics into it. We dare not discuss any political nor religious questions in the Post room. Every comrade can think, vote and pray as he wishes. We, therefore, thank Mr. Kurtz for his taking so active a part in the services and also for his company the entire day. We feel certain that his presence with us destroyed some of the unjust prejudices with which we have had to contend. Hon. J. B. Linn, Col. Keller and Rev. Sarvis, also, were with us, and assisted in making it a never-to-be-forgotten day in this section. Words fail us when we attempt to tell them how much we appreciated their presence and assistance; we can only say, accept our most heartfelt thanks.

Our bands, too, deserve special notice. They were engaged each for only one place, and yet, owing to their patriotic impulse and sympathy, the drum corps and Farmers Mills band kept with us to Centre Hall, as did also the Loop band. They, like our many other friends, stuck to us the entire day, and at their own expense after leaving the places for which they were engaged. We assure them, and all musicians who participated, that they have our thanks and best wishes. And to the ministers we return our thanks for the part and interest they took in the ceremonies—in short, we feel grateful to ALL who assisted us or encouraged us with their presence. Feeling certain our last and best memorial day was not without its lessons and its influence for good, we again thank you all.

J.

At Centre Hall the Sabbath schools, citizens, Post, bands and drum corps met at Wolf's grove, where the members of the Post were each presented with a beautiful wreath prepared by the ladies, and the children with boquets. The procession being ready, all marched through Front and Church streets to the cemetery, to the music of the bands and drum corps. At the cemetery the graves of the fallen heroes were strewn with becoming solemnity, when all gathered for the address. Rev. Fischer opened the services, and was followed by the orator, Hon. John B. Linn, who delivered an address replete with patriotic sentiment, eloquence and historic interest that will long leave its impress upon the large audience that gave ear with breathless silence. Mr. Linn's address was the subject of favorable remark by all who were so fortunate as to hear it.

A CLINTON COUNTY LUMBERMAN ENDS A FAMILY QUARREL.

Renovo, June 1.—Uriah Hammersley, an old and respected citizen of Leidy township, residing about eighteen miles north of this place, got into an altercation with his son-in-law, John Kehoe, on Thursday afternoon and was shot and instantly killed by the latter. A short time previous to the murder Kehoe and his wife had a quarrel. Mrs Kehoe left her home and went to her father's house a few hundred yards distant.

She communicated her family troubles to her father. While at her father's home Kehoe, her husband, came to the house and requested her to go home and prepare supper for him and several men in his employ. Mr. Hammersley took occasion to reprimand his son-in-law for the ill treatment of his daughter. Hot words passed between them, when Kehoe was ordered to leave the house, which he refused to do.

The enraged father picked up a piece of wood and struck Kehoe a blow on the arm. At this the latter pulled out a revolver and fired six shots at Hammersley, four of which took effect and caused instant death.

THE MORGANATIC BRIDE.

London, May 26.—Another crop of scandal is promised in connection with the left-handed marriage of the Grand Duke Louis IV. of Hesse. Mme. De Kalamine, the morganatic spouse whom Louis wishes to divorce to please his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, now threatens fight and promises ugly revelations. She says that the Grand Duke's life since the death of his wife, Princess Alice, would not bear close scrutiny, and that she has the best of reasons for knowing of some of his lapses.

She also says that if she has committed such ante-nuptial sins as are charged by the Grand Duke, she did not sin without a partner, and that if there were any sin and any partnership therein the Grand Duke knows who the partner was. She declares it the height of ungenerosity to tax her with such offenses to gratify the spleen of another woman, and she threatens to "tear the whole Darmstadt court to pieces," morally, if the Grand Duke persists in his attempt to secure a divorce on account of any such charges to be alleged against her.

A stenographic report of the proceedings of the last Democratic State Convention, in Allentown, April 9, has been published by the state committee. It is a pamphlet of 20 pages with the similar publication for '83. Single copies can be had on application (with enclosure of 2-two-cent stamps,) to W. U. Hensel, Ch., Lancaster, Pa.

Persons desiring fruit or ornamental trees, vines, shrubery, will do well to consult W. W. Dellett who is representing J. Austin Shaw, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Shaw can be depended upon as furnishing good stock and trees to the name, as he has been in the business for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Shaw is endorsed by Jas. Vicks, Chase Bro's and other prominent nurserymen. Mr. Dellett is from Milroy, Mifflin Co., and can give the best of references if desired. He makes a specialty of fruit adapted to this section of country. 4t.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	55	—55
Wheat	"	89⅜	—1.03½
Oats	"	32	—40¾
Pork	"	19.25	
Lard	"	8.12	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	65
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.
COAL.—Pea, 3.25; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

MARRIED.

May 19, by Rev. Z. Hornberger, Henry Newton Jones and Eliza Blanche Smith, both of Millesburg.

On 30 April, Mr. Samuel Alter, of Millheim, and Miss Harriet S. Stover, of this valley.

DIED.

On May 23, in Boggs twp., Mr. Levi Dickson aged 65 years, 11 months, 22 days.

Near Millheim, on May 23, David Shertzer, aged 71 years, 17 days.

At Aaronsburg, on 19 ult., Rachel, relict of David Kreamer, aged 75 years.

Mrs. Maggie E. Stover, wife of Geo. W. Stover, and eldest daughter of John Harper, of near Centre Hall, died at Millheim, May 24, aged 32 years, 2 months, 26 days. Her disease was a general breaking down and affection of the lungs; she had been affected for a few years. She leaves a husband and one son, (Johnny,) about three years old.

WIND-SOUNDS IN THE DESERT.

The traveller's tales of sounds like the ringing of bells, which they have heard in deserts and lonely places, are familiar. Some of them are too well substantiated to admit of serious dispute. Among them is that of the noises heard at the Gebel Nakus, in the Sinaitic Peninsular, which the Arabs say proceed from a convent of damned monks; the musical cliffs of the Orinoco, told of by Humboldt; and the sounds which the French savants Jollois and Devilliers declare they heard at sunrise at Karnak, Egypt, and described as comparable to the ancient fable of the vocal Memnon. The sounds are not always or exactly like the ringing of a bell; sometimes they resemble the music of a string, and may be generally described as of an intermediate character between the two classes. A characteristic of the sound is that no one can discern where they come from. M. Emile Sorel, *fils*, in order to determine their origin, has made some successful experiments in reproducing them artificially. Taking his gun into an open field, he placed it at an angle of 45 deg. against the wind, when it gave forth a sound. Then moving it around, he caused it to utter the exact tone he sought. The sound could not be localized. Addressing a peasant, he asked him, "Do you hear my gun?" "Pardon, monsieur, it is the bells of——." A similar answer was got from every one whose attention was called to the noise. It was believed to come from about two miles and a half to the windward. M. Sorel believes this experiment authorizes the hypothesis that the ringing is the result of the blowing of the wind over a slope at the foot of which is something that may act as a resonator. What is done on a small scale in a gun may be done on a large scale in nature, on the face of a mountain or a rock which is backed by a valley or ravine, or which is itself elastic enough to give the resonant effect. The sounds are apparently not as readily given when the vibrating surfaces and media are moist.

SOCRATES LEARNS TO DANCE.

The ancients held the dance in the very highest esteem; for it was not invented by the goddess Rhea, who preserved Jupiter from Saturn, while Homer and Hesiod sung its praises, provoking a possible suggestion from the irreverent moderns that they had been "dogs" in their day? Socrates himself, who is supposed to have realized the vanity of all things save the immortality of the soul, went to the trouble of learning to dance with an old man, and perhaps received the invitation of some antique edition of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns or Mrs. Leo Hunter, eager for his entrance. But then it must be borne in mind that the classic dance was more severe in character, as the martial Pyrrhic dance, performed by Greek or Roman, armed *cap-a-pie*, weapon, torch, or wand in hand, amply testifies. The ancient rustic was, however, particularly partial to a curious dance, which consisted of jumping with one foot only on a bladder inflated with air or filled with wine, and rubbed on the outside with oil; and he who did this slippery exercise well received the wineskin for his pains. The dance of the Eumenides, or Furies, in the theatre at Athens is said to have produced such an effect on the spectators that they were totally unable to control their excited feelings, and the direst results often happened. Dancing now remains among the savage nations the outward and visible sign of their emotions. Perhaps the most curious custom in the history of dancing is that which is said to have taken place at Limoges not long ago, where the inhabitants "danced the round" in the choir of the church, invoking their patron saint, St. Marcel, saying, instead of the *Gloria Patri*, "St. Marcel, pray for us, and we shall dance in honor of you."

A HOT REGION.

One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Babrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and, thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped on board. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

Remember by paying the REPORTER one year in advance subscribers get credit for 14 months.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

It is a fact not generally known that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Cases* really contain more *pure gold* than many "solid" gold cases. The demand for these watch cases has led to the manufacture of a very poor grade of solid gold watch cases—low in quality, and deficient in quantity. These cases are made from 4¾ to 10 karats, and a 5 or 6 karat case is often sold for 12 or 14 karats. It is NOT economy to buy a watch case so poor in quality that it will soon lose its color, or one so soft that it will lose its shape and fail to shut tight, thus letting in dust and damaging the works, or one so thin that a slight blow will break the crystal, and perhaps the movement. It IS economy to buy a *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*, in which NONE of these things ever occur. This watch case is *not an experiment*—it has been made nearly *thirty years*.

HAZLETON, PA., Oct. 24, 1882.

I sold two James Boss' Gold Watch Cases thirty years ago, when they first came out, and they are in good condition yet. One of them is carried by a carpenter, Mr. L. W. Drake, of Hazleton, and only shows the wear in one or two places; the other by Mr. Bowman, of Cunningham, Pa.; and I can produce one or both of these cases at any time.

SYLVESTER ENGLE, *Jeweler*.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.) 4

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.50
Coburn	6.18				2.20
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35			1.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25	8.55		10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10		ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

WE ARE SELLING

TO-DAY.

Nails at $2.65 Basis. Bar Iron at 2¼ Cents.

Lewis' Pure White Lead at $7.00. Mixed Paints, all colors, very low.

Door Locks at 25 cents and 35 cents each. Thum Latches at 4 and 5 cents each.

Long handled iron Shovels at 35 and 40 cents each.

GOOD SETS OF AXLES AT $2.50.

Good Hickory Fellows at 75c per pair.

Good finished hickory Poles at 75c.

Bright Springs 8½ to 9½c per pound.

Finished hickory Shafts at 50 to 60 cts. per pair.

Dash leather. Dull, Duck, Rubber Drill

LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN.

Wood screws, Carriage and Tar bolts almost at the price of bar iron per lb. Ask or write for prices.

One-strap Horse blanket at 75c each

Two-strap " " 85c "

Buffalo Robes, Lap Robes, Whips, &c., very low. Call and see them. We are selling the largest stock of goods we ever sold.

MACHINE BOLTS

from 4½ inches to 36 inches by ½x¾.

You need not make them any more. We sell them at about the price you pay for the round iron. Think of 14½x½ machine bolts, square heads and nuts and screws for 10 to 15 cents each.

Great Reduction in Shades and Shadings.

Shades, plain, fringed and scolloped Lower than ever.

The newest styles of Dado, Picturesque and Artistic shades, beautiful in design and finish.

Horse Shoes at $4.25 Per Keg.

Steel and Iron Harrow Teeth. Tool Steel never was as low.

Cedar tubs, galvanized and iron bands, Painted Pails, Step Ladders, Matches, Twines, Paper Bags, &c., &c., never were as low in price and as good in quality.

Dupont's Powder,

Rifle, Mining, Eagle, Bar Lead, Shot, &c

10,000 PIECES WALL PAPERS

From five cents a bolt up to any price you want them; no trouble to show them. Come and look at them if you don't want them, just to see how pretty they are. Centres, Ceilings, Brackets, Finest Stylings in plain and gilt.

SILVERWARE.

Our Silver Ware Cases will soon be open for inspection. A full branch of Sil Hollon ware. Knives, Forks, Castors, &c., will be opened at unheard of low prices.

BIRD CAGES, Japan and Brass. Our full stock just in 25 per cent lower than last season.

Brushes of all kinds. Brooms of all kinds. Very low.

On application our catalogue and price lists will be mailed to any one. Trade supplied with all our merchandise at trade prices, which on comparison will be found as low as eastern prices.

F. G. FRANCISCUS,

feb26tf Lewistown, Pa.

REALITIES.

To live the eager life of men,
To burn with deathless courage when,
Full of a noble faith, they praise
The glory of our later days
Or when, with prophet-sight, they try
To pierce the wonder of the sky.

To watch the consecrated face
Of nature, till each simple grace,
Each winter glow or tropic bloom,
Each shadow, hinting of the gloom,
Translates its meaning into words
Like sound into the song of birds.

These are realities, whereof
I speak as one may speak of love;
And these, like precious things, are wrought
Into the magic of my thought,
Which may be wild and sad, or fill
The measure of a whippoorwill.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Colonel Augustus Chopleigh, late of Her Majesty's Indian Army, lived in stately retirement upon his snug little estate in one of the pleasantest of the home counties. From an outsider's point of view, the Colonel seemed to possess most things which are generally considered to constitute mundane happiness. His liver had survived pawnees, curries, and a tropical sun intact; his income was ample; he belonged to two or three good London clubs; he had an excellent cellar of wine; he was a J. P., respected by his neighbors and worshipped by his tenants; and he rode to cover on the best of cattle. Yet with all this, the Colonel had two eternally grinning skeletons in his cupboard.

The first was the possession of a ne'er-do-weel son, and the second was the non-possession of a wife.

Augustus Chopleigh junior, although a ne'er-do-weel in the eyes of a parent who was more rigid and precise than are most gentlemen who have breathed the atmosphere of barracks and cantonments during the best parts of their lives, was, after all, but an ordinary, "every-day young man." He betted a little, it is true; he belonged to a club where play was sometimes high of an evening; he could drink his claret like a man; he was a connoisseur in cigars; he possessed two or three long tailor bills; and he was given to staying in town sometimes for a week at a time. Still, after all, what could be expected of a high-spirited young fellow who had received a first-rate education, and was therefore unfitted for any serious walk in life; who was good-looking, who dressed well, who found life at stately Dum Dum Hall a little monotonous at times, and who had a handsome annual allowance?

But in the eyes of the Colonel all these little peculiarities were heinous crimes, and the poor old gentleman, as he pondered in the solitude of what he called his "study," saw very clearly that unless the young man was settled in life with a well-bred, well-connected girl, he would infallibly follow, at headlong pace, that broad road which leads to destruction.

Often alone at Dum Dum Hall, deprived of the society of his son, and not caring very specially for that society when offered, it was hardly to be wondered at that the Colonel yearned for a suitable partner in his exile.

The memory of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh could hardly be said to be yet green, for she had succumbed to an aggravated attack of jungle fever some twenty years before, when Augustus, junior, was but a stripling in plaid dresses and bare legs. It might be said that the remedy was easy. Why didn't the Colonel take unto himself a second Mrs. Chopleigh? There were plenty of eligible spinsters who would have jumped at an offer from such a fresh-faced, active, wealthy gentleman, who was but little beyond the prime of life. There was, however, an almost invincible obstacle. Unlike most military men, Colonel Chopleigh was painfully shy; perhaps remembrances of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh, who was known as the Dum Dum Tartar, had driven out the youthful assurance which had won her; at any rate, the flutter of a petticoat awakened feelings within the gallant Colonel's breast which were not to be stirred by a horde of yelling, mutinous Sepoys, or by the stiffest bullfinch in the county. He had loved at a distance a score of times, but had never placed himself within speaking reach of the various objects of his affection.

Suddenly matters took a different turn.

A young lady of strikingly prepossessing appearance—Millicent Vanjohn, only daughter of the Rev. Aloysius Vanjohn, the only vicar—had been espied by the Colonel proceeding up the lane which ran parallel with his grounds, as he paced along his favorite shrubbery walk. Being on his own property had inspired him with courage; he had gazed at her, and she had blushed and looked down. He hurried into the house, and shut himself up in his study.

"I am fifty-five," he said to himself. "I am—well, I am well-looking; my waist-coat is of decent girth; I have a good complexion; and a man is only as old as he feels. Why shouldn't I? I may be called an old fool. Well, there are plenty of older fools in the world. I—yes—I will!"

Miss Vanjohn was walking at the identical spot at the identical hour the next day after that, and so on for more than a week, and each day the same little dumb comedy was played—sheep's-eyes on the part of the Colonel, blushes and lookings-down on the part of Miss Mellicent Vanjohn.

Did Miss Vanjohn walk up that lane so regularly with a fixed purpose? Of course she did.

Punctually at 4 o'clock every afternoon, Mr. Augustus Chopleigh Jr., met her at the top of it. It was rather an odd thing to do—the daughter of a well-known parson meeting *sub rosa* the son of an equally well-known colonel. The following conversation explains it:

"Oh, Gus! I begin to feel so awfully guilty, meeting you like this! Why can't we love each other openly? There's nothing to be ashamed of in it."

"For more than one reason, my darling. I've a bad reputation down here; all fellows have in country places who go up to town, belong to a club, drive down to Ascot, take medicinal B-and-S.'s, and so on. If the old man were to know that I was spooning you, he'd rush off to your father and warn him. If your father were to know, he'd rush off to mine and tell him that I wasn't a fit aspirant for the hand of his daughter."

"But is your father such a terrible old gentleman, then? What is he like? I've never seen him."

"No, I don't suppose you have. He fights shy of anything with a petticoat on it like the plague. I've known him cut a good run short because there were ladies alone with him in the same field, and he was afraid in case of an accident he'd have to assist them. He's a tall old fellow, with a fresh complexion and a gray moustache, and always wears shepherd's plaid trousers, Summer and Winter. Why, what's the matter?"

"O dear! O dear! Gus, don't go on, please don't, or I shall die of laughing!"

"Why, what is there to laugh at in it, Millie? By Jove, if you saw him in a temper you wouldn't laugh!"

"Why, my dearest Gus!—he's—he's in love with me!"

"The old boy—my father—in love with you? Nonsense, my dear—nonsense, I say. Why, he's more afraid of a girl than of an earthquake, or a boa-constrictor, or anything. What on earth makes you think he's in love with you?"

"Why, Gus, every day when I come along here he's walking in the garden. I've always taken him for the steward, or some one, and he makes such eyes at me. Oh, you'd laugh if you could see him. I try not to, but I know I blush and look awfully silly."

"By Jove, Millie, it's no laughing matter—that it isn't. A man's father his rival in love!"

That evening Mr. Gus appeared at home at an unusually early hour.

"Well!" was the greeting of his parent. "You're not here so precious early, with that goody-goody face, for nothing, I'm sure, you young scamp! When you turn up punctually to dinner I know you want something out of me. But mind, not another halfpenny do you get. I've already advanced your quarter's allowance, and if you've been squandering it on actresses and race-meetings, and unlimited loo, and dinners at the Bristol, I don't help you. And not only that, sir, but I'm going to put a stop to it. Once for all—and Augustus Chopleigh's a man of his word—I don't care if Stulty, or Golding, or Moses, or any of them come down and dun you at this very door, not a rupee do you get out of me."

"What a deuce of a hurry you're in, father!" said the young man. "I don't want any money."

"Well, what the dickens is it then?" said the old gentleman, seeing that his son looked confused.

"Why—well, I'm in love, that's all," replied Gus; and I'm going to be married to the best girl in England—a perfect lady, well bred, well connected, and—"

The effect of this speech upon the old Colonel was electrical. He jumped up from his end of the table, almost upset Parker, who was handing him the chilies, rushed towards his son and shook his hand heartily, his face beaming with excitement and pleasure, as he exclaimed, "You're sure of what you say? It isn't Fifine of the Jolity, hey? A lady, well bred, well connected—"

"I've been a bit of a scamp, perhaps, father," said the young man; "but I've never gone in for low form, so, when I tell you she's all that could be wished for you must believe me."

"Of course I will; of course I do!" roared the Colonel. "Who is she?"

"Well, I don't want to give you her name just now, for many reasons, but you may take my word for it that she's nobody to be ashamed of," said Gus.

"All right, all right; I won't ask any more questions. So long as you are going to steady down with a good, ladylike wife, I don't care," said his father. "By gad, Gus, I thought you were going to be a millstone round my neck for the remainder of my life. And now, my boy, you've astonished me, I'm going to astonish you. What do you think is about the most unlikely thing I should do?"

"Give up hunting?" replied Gus, "or sell your orchids? or put up for the county? or—"

"No, no; nothing of that kind," said the Colonel, chuckling. "I'm—I'm going to be married too."

The son affected the greatest astonishment. The Colonel continued:

"But look here, my boy, it won't interfere with your prospects, and—and when I say I'm going to be married, I mean that I have my eye on some one, and I rather think, ahem! that some one has a reciprocal eye on me. I'm not such an old bird, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Gus; "and may I ask who the fortunate object of your attentions is?"

"Well," answered the Colonel, laughing, "I've a good mind not to tell you, you dog, as you keep me in the dark about your innamorata. But I will. Do you know Miss Vanjohn?"

"Tall girl, brown hair, brown eyes?" asked Gus, innocently.

"Yes, yes—that's the one! She's going to be Mrs. Chopleigh the second," said the Colonel, rubbing his hands gleefully. I think—ahem! that if I can screw up my pluck, I shall speak to her to-morrow."

That evening the Reverend Aloysius Vanjohn received an unexpected visitor in the shape of Mr. Augustus Chopleigh. Urged by the desperate aspect of matters, the young man had resolved to face the terrible parson, as he believed him to be, and to lay the whole state of affairs before him. To his glad surprise, the reverend gentleman, who was really a good fellow, and thought very well of Gus, laughed heartily at the notion of the Colonel's suit, and promised Gus that Millicent should marry him when and where he pleased.

"I say, Gus," roared the Colonel, as they were leaving the smoking-room for bed; "promise me you'll bring Mrs. Chopleigh here directly after you're married."

A few day after, Millicent Vanjohn was quietly and unostentatiously made Mrs. Augustus Chopleigh in London. Faithful to his word the young man wrote informing his father of his marriage, and telling him that he should run down on the following day to introduce his bride to her new father.

The Colonel was at dinner—that is to say, he was playing at dinner, for what with his own consuming passion and the eager expectation with which he awaited the arrival of his son and daughter-in-law, he sent away almost untasted every dish that was set before him.

The door-bell rang. The Colonel jumped up to answer it himself, but checked the movement.

"No, no," he said; "I'll have it a surprise to the last."

Gus entered.

"Here I am father!" he said.

"Yes, yes; but where's——?" said the Colonel impatiently.

Gus went out, and reappeared with Millicent.

The Colonel staggered at first, and something like a frown gathered on his brow. But he recovered himself, and with a smile that illuminated his whole face, said, addressing Millicent:

"I am indeed delighted to welcome you to my house as a—daughter." Then turning to his son, he added, "Gus, my boy, you've had an uncommonly narrow escape!"

A Woman Gambler.

"What man has done man may do," has long been a favorite maxim of the moralists and the copy-books, but it is reserved for the philosophy of the mining camp to demonstrate that "what man has done woman may do also." Amid the general din of the saloon, and rising above the general confusion, the clink of glasses against bottles, and the tinkling sound of ivory chips may be heard the words, "queen high," "pair kings." "bet two beans," and the like, uttered in a soft but penetrating voice which attracts one on entering the door. Making my way to a corner of the room, and elbowing a path cautiously through a pack of men, I saw a remarkable sight. Before one of the ordinary poker tables sat a woman of no ordinary beauty. The traces of refinement had not yet been obliterated by coarse associations and reckless dissipation. She was dressed in a tight-fitting gown, fitting about the bust like the waist of a riding-habit, and adorned with a double row of startling gilt buttons. On her head was a jaunty jockey cap of blue, but its little visor shading a face whose delicate lines and marked individuality would in any other place have secured for its possessor immediate notice as a cultivated, intellectual power. Yet there she sat, dealing the cards with a graceful ease born evidently of a long practice in similar scenes. Careless of the rough talk and ribald jokes of the men, the female gambler dealt the cards, raked in the chips, paid losses, replied to the sallies of the men and attended to business with a devilish insouciance and calmness that was simply horrible. A more painful sight I never saw, for there was a refinement of wickedness about the scene which robbed it of the vileness of the slums and invested that woman in the corner of a mining-camp gambling house with a horror that was simply satanical.

A good smile is the sunshine of wisdom.

Conscience is man's most faithful friend.

Art of Grafting.

Every farmer's boy should learn to graft. Few occupations give more pleasure or a greater reward. To convert a wild and thorny tree into one bearing large and delicious fruit is a wonderful and fascinating process. Grafting need not be confined to fruit trees. Ornamental trees and shrubs which are nearly related to each other may be grafted, Several kinds of roses may be grown on the same bush, and differently colored lilacs may be mixed on the same stock. Grafting is an easy art to acquire. Simply making the scions live is but a part of the operation on fruit trees, however. One must plan for the future top of the trees. He must graft such limbs as should make permanent factors in the top he is building, and while he should avoid grafting too many limbs, he should likewise avoid grafting too few. In either extreme too much cutting for the good of the tree will have to be done. If too few limbs are grafted, it will be necessary to cut too many branches off entirely during the process of grafting. If too many limbs are grafted, it will be necessary to cut many of them out in a few years to prevent crowding. It must be remembered that a grafted branch will occupy more room than a natural branch, for the scions branch and bush out from the point of their insertion. How many limbs, and which ones, to graft must be learned by experience and judgment.

The kind of grafting most likely to be practiced on the farm is that known as cleft grafting. The process is a simple one. Saw off the limb to be grafted where it is an inch or less in diameter; trim the edges of the "stub" smooth, and split it with a large knife, or a cleaver made for the purpose. The cleft should not be more than four inches deep at the most. A wedge is now inserted in the center of the cleft, and a scion is set on each side of the stub. The scions are made of twigs of last year's growth. They should be cut before the trees show any signs of starting in the spring. When the scion is prepared ready for setting it should contain about three buds. The lower end is cut wedge shaped by slicing off each side of the scion. On one side of this wedge-shaped portion, and midway between its top and bottom, should be left one of the buds.

When the scion is set this bud will be deep down in the side of the cleft in the stub, and will be covered with wax but being nearer the source of nourishment it will be the most apt of any buds to grow, and it will readily push through the wax. The scion is set into the cleft by exercising great care that the inner surface of the bark in the scion exactly matches the inner surface of the bark on the stub. A line between the bark and the wood may be observed. This line on the scion, in other words, should match this line on the stub. Wax the whole over carefully and thoroughly. Do not leave any crack exposed. Wax which is pretty hard, and which must be worked and applied with the hands is commonly best. We have given several good recipes for grafting wax. We would recommend that grafting be not confined to the orchard. Experiment. Try pears and apples on wild crabs and thorns. One must not look for success on trees much different from the scions, but there is room for experimenting, and more light is needed.

Flagellation Still Practiced.

The church of the Penitentes, in Santo Domingo, Mexico is 250 years old, and in it flagellation is still practiced by the remnant of the Aztecs that worship there. The day of flagellation is Good Friday. Although the penitentes are all Catholics, all the Catholics are by no means penitentes. Indeed, it is said they are discouraged by the priesthood. They strip their bodies to the waist, and having provided themselves with scourges, they beat themselves and each other over the shoulders and back with them until the flesh is terribly lacerated. This is done walking in procession, one of their number voluntarily leading and bearing a heavy wooden cross bound to his neck, under which he staggers nearly bent double, his flesh lacerated by the scourges of his followers. Many have died of exhaustion under this penance. If the victim lives to reach the church, the cross is suspended therein, with the bleeding sufferer still bound to it, where he remans until he faints under loss of blood. The penitente often pays the penalty of his life in this vicarious atonement for his sins.

Farming Scraps.

Every farmer in reading a paper will often see something in it which it would be of service to him to remember. He will perhaps see suggestions the value of which he would like to test or hints by which he would like to be governed in his future operation, but after reading it the paper is thrown down, probably never to be seen again. To avoid this he should clip from the paper the article he wishes to preserve and remember, and paste it in a scrap book kept for the purpose. Such a book at the end of a few years would be both interesting and valuable.

Ex-Queen Isabella.

Says a popular lady writer: I do not think that Queen Isabella at any period of her life could have been considered handsome. She in no wise resembled the dark-eyed, imperious beauty, her mother. But in her young days youth and freshness, joined by that divinity that doth hedge a sovereign, undoubtedly caused her to be credited with a certain degree of personal attractions. Up to the present season the Queen has resided in France ever since her dethronement. It was in Paris she signed the act of abdication in favor of her son, now King of Spain. Her ponderous figure and good-natured face are as well known at the opera or in the Bois de Boulogne as were those of the Empress Eugenie in bygone days.

Her embonpoint is really extraordinary, and she increases her apparent size by always dressing in pale, delicate tints, pearl gray in the daytime and white at night being her favorite colors. Her features are large, her eyes blue, and her complexion florid. At times her skin bears the marks of the hereditary Bourbon malady, scrofula, from which the entire royal family of Spain are great sufferers. Her manners are charming. No Princess in Europe returns a salutation with a more admirable blending of courtesy and dignity, or receives a visitor with more royal grace.

During her residence in France Queen Isabella has been much tormented with financial difficulties. She is as extravagant in her charities as in her personal expenditure. She used when she first came to Paris to bestow $20 on every beggar that asked alms of her. When remonstrated with her answer was: "Could a Queen give less?"

She is passionately fond of dress, and is one of Worth's most assiduous customers. It was through her influence that her present daughter-in-law, Queen Christina, ordered the greater part of her trousseau of that renowned king of fashion, instead of having all her dresses made in Vienna or Madrid. During the existence of the Spanish Republic Queen Isabella who reduced to such straits that she disposed of the greater portion of her large collection of jewels at auction. She farmed out the Royal table, it being supplied by a contractor at so much per diem. Yet, withal, her acts of kindness and generosity suffered no diminution. For instance, an ex-prima donna, who now resides in Paris, and who in by-gone years was a reigning favorite in the Opera House in Madrid, sees her drawing-room and ante chamber filled annually with a collection of choice and costly plants by order of the Royal lady, who was once among the most assiduous of her hearers. And this graceful and kindly attention was maintained all through the period of Queen Isabella's pecuniary difficulties, These, however, came to an end so soon as Alfonso XII. ascended the throne of Spain.

The Queen does not get along well with her new daughter-in-law. Queen Christina is very intellectual, very high spirited and a thorough Austrian in many respects. She detests the nationa pastime of the bull-fight. Being asked once by one of her own countrywomen how she could endure it, she made answer:

"You know I am terribly near-sighted. Well, somehow I always forget to take my eyeglass with me."

On the other hand. Queen Isabella is a most ardent patroness of the sports of the Spanish arena. This point of difference, united to a multitude of others, has hindered the two royal ladies from becoming fast friends. They keep out of each other's way—that is all.

Indecision.

Of the many causes which hinder men from attaining success, indecision is undoubtedly one of the most potent. Without any determined course marked out for themselves, youth launched out into the great ocean of life, depending more upon chance than any fixed laws whereby a definite result might be obtained. Thinking to-day, perchance, to amass a fortune through some particular channel, they to-morrow diverge from it for some other. So they pass their lives continually varying, always discontented with the present, and never looking to the future for brighter days which their indecision does not warrant them to expect.

An Interesting Incident.

Middle-aged people will recollect a pretty incident of Queen Victoria's coronation. When the great nobles of the realm came in turn to swear allegiance to the fair young girl, her gray-haired uncle stepped forward to kneel with the others. But she hastily descended the steps of the throne, raised him, and reverently bent her head for his blessing.

Civility.

Once a great merchant of Liverpool was asked how he had contrived to build up the large fortune he possessed; and he replied, with perfect sincerity: "Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest deal, too, if thou pleasest—Civility!"

The worst men often give the best advice.

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Happiness consists in the constitution of the habits.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

He that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you.

He's my friend that speaks well of me behind my back.

The way to forget our miseries is to remember our mercies.

Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Pride is the consciousness of what one is, without contempt for others.

Learn as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die to-morrow.

Unless you wish to reap the same kind of a harvest, do not sow wild oats.

The common adage that delays are dangerous acts as spurs upon the resolution.

Men often judge the person but not the cause, which is not justice but malice.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence.

The gifts of common providences are not compared to those of covenant love.

A woman may get to love by degrees; the best fire does not flare up the soonest.

Out in the world men show us two sides in their character; by the fireside only one.

Circumstances are the rules of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

The average man is made up of intelligence and prejudice—mostly of prejudice.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step is something better.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

In the adversity of our best friend we often find something that is not displeasing to us.

Once loosen the latch-strings of honor, the door to crime and folly swings easily.

The Bible has suffered more in the hands of honest bunglers than it has from skepties.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it each day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.

Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of Nature. She shows us only our faces, but she is million fathoms deep.

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-extending circle.

Consideration is the small coin of kindness and affability; it is current everywhere, with all, and always brings back a little friendship.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

There collection of a deep and true affection is rather a divine nourishment for a soul to grow strong upon than a poison to destroy it.

The man whose soul is in his work finds his best reward in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond joy of reward.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

The man or woman whose part is taken, and who does not wait for society in anything, has a power which society cannot choose but feel.

How abundant are the men and women who crave martyrdom in leadership! How few are willing to honor themselves in the loyalty of service!

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

The misfortunes that we meet with are not God going away from us, but our dearest Father in Heaven stooping down to kiss us—God's shadow falling on us.

Conscience is a great ledger book in which all our offenses are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it with your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be loved.

TRUST.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall,
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, Safe to the land—
The end is this,
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

MOONLIGHT AND FLOODS.

The floods were out at Wendelthorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither in the lower-lying streets, and out in the open country field after field was changed to a lake. From amid the waters rose a solitary farm house, black against the darkening sky. The surging flow heaved and tossed and struck heavily upon it; here was no languidly spreading expanse, but the hurry of the swollen river rushing impatiently forward and rising in its impatience higher and even higher. At an upper window six persons were gathered, watching the motions of a light that came and went slowly, and seemed to be drawing nearer by degrees. The group was made up of the farmer, his wife, their three children, and a young man who was the eldest daughter's lover. The light was manifestly approaching, the dark shape of a boat became distinct, they heard the dip and splash of the oars; at last the boat paused in the lee of the house, and their rescue was secure. It could be seen now, in the light of the lantern, that there were several persons in the boat, and that one of them was a woman.

A voice called upward to those within, "How many are you?"

And a voice called downward in reply, "Six."

To that answer followed a moment of silence.

Then, amid the sound of the water, came up the words, "We have only room for four."

"Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the farmer.

Again followed a pause, brief, but sufficient to foreshadow the coming negative.

No, hardly, it was getting too dark and too dangerous.

Within were quick questionings and denials, a half-heard debate, caught and lost again between the ominous beating of the rising floods. By daybreak the housetop would scarcely be left above water, even if the walls should be strong enough to hold out so long.

"Jack and I will stay," said the farmer at last.

"If Jack stays so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter.

Then a man rose in the boat and said: "There is no woman who would say that for me, and so let me stay."

The others in the boat looked at him as he stood leaning one hand against the wall. He was a stranger who had reached Wendelthorpe only that afternoon, and had volunteered his services at the starting of the boat.

The woman sitting in the stern moved a little and said: "I will stay, too;" and all eyes turned back to her. Her they knew. She was the new mistress of the village school, a grave young woman, and reported eccentric.

There was no remonstrance from the boat, only a low, ruminating surprise; from above, indeed, came protests, but faint and quickly overruled.

A window was opened in a lower story; the two entered upon a landing that was already flooded and went quickly upward. Warm, broken thanks met them and eager promises of return in the first hour of dawn. Then, from the upper window, the two watched the embarkation of the six, heard their shouts of thanks and of farewell, then the dip of the oars, and felt at their hearts a sudden blank. They stood side by side, watching the wavering progress of the departure and the wavering reflection of the shaken light. At last, when the boat was far away and no dim echo reached them of its sounds, they turned toward each other and toward the inner room. The room had, in the interval, grown nearly dark, and as they turned this way they heard the flap of the water, like a step, on the staircase.

"Have you any hope of their coming back in time?" asked the woman.

Her companion answered, "No;" and she saw through the darkness that he shook his head.

"Nor have I," said she.

They stood aimlessly looking into the fast darkening room. They had no occupation but to await the coming up of the water, and they were strangers who had never so much as beheld each other's face by full daylight. The wind and the water went sweeping by outside, and in the house were ghostly sounds of doors and windows stealthily tried and shaken.

"Had we not better go up to the attic while we can?" asked the man by and by.

She assented, and they went inward to the dark core of the house. The inky solitude below was full of creakings and rustlings; above shone a square of yellow light, revealing a steep ladder. A lighted lantern had been left for them in the attic, together with food and warm wrappings.

"I will fetch the lantern," said he, and swung himself quickly upward.

She stood below, holding fast to the side of the ladder. His quick step sounded above her head; the light shifted and brightened; she saw his face in a quick illumination; then the light whirled toward and beyond her, down, down into the darkness and flashed upon the stairs. Her breath stood still; she had a sickening feeling of being left alone. Assurance of her companion's safety reached her, however, in the form of an imprecation, checked, indeed, but hearty, uttered about two feet above her.

"The handle of the lantern was loose," said he, as he came to her level. "I'll go down and fetch it up."

"No, don't! it is too dark. Please don't! let us go up."

She had found his arm in the darkness and held him back. In the darkness, which was much blacker for that brief interposition of light, they made their way into the attic, and crossing it carefully, afraid of the low roof, afraid of unseen stumbling-blocks, afraid of returning upon the yawning aperture, made their way to the gray square of the window. Here they found a large box, upon which they sat down. They spoke but little; there were so few things left worth utterance in such an hour as this. By and by, as their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, they discerned the general character of their surroundings. There was a table near them with food; there were boxes and bundles and a couple of old pictures, brought up hither apparently when the tide began to rise. In the middle lay the black square through which they had made entrance; at the far end a rough heap of straw was dimly distinguished and from this came restless gnawing, scrapings, and rustlings, causing the woman to shrink and shudder.

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew louder.

"I suppose so; do you mind very much?"

"No, if we could only see them."

Again for a while they were silent, hearing the little sounds within and the ever-increasing sounds without.

At last the man stood up, and passing his hand across his face, said: "Oh, this is very cold-blooded! They used to torture witches so, fixed to a stake, when the tide was coming up."

He moved to and fro impatiently and stood still by the table.

"Could you not eat something?"

"No, thank you."

He broke himself a piece of bread, and returning to the window, ate a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out.

The water was rising rapidly, and was already washing on the window of the room below. He turned back toward her a face of dismay; hers as she sat within the room was not clearly visible, but her attitude was calm and undisturbed. He sighed and came back quietly to sit beside her. But his quietness was of short duration. He asked, after a few minutes, "Would you not like to go out upon the roof? We shall have to do so sooner or later, and I don't think we should feel quite so much imprisoned."

"Oh, yes, let us go. Is there a trap door?"

"I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window—the roof is close above—and then I can help you."

He set his foot on the window-sill, and thrust his head and shoulders through the narrow opening. "Oh, yes, it is quite easy. But how it blows! We had better have some of those shawls."

She brought them and handed them out, watched him draw himself up, and then mounted in her turn from box to window ledge, and, reaching her hands upward, found herself lifted safely to the summit.

The surge of wind and water was terrific; her hat was blown away at once and she was blinded by her hair. When she had freed her face and drawn up her shawl over her head she was able to perceive that the roof was formed of two long parallel gables, and that between them, at each end, a stack of chimneys rose from a solid platform. They went forward to the more sheltered group and sat down on the block of brickwork at the base. They had before them the wide, desolate expanse of waters; below them torrents ran thundering between dwelling and out houses, and in the pauses of the cannonade that beat the walls and of the rushing and rending sounds within they heard a southern wind drifting with sighs between the chimneys. There was no token of life, no light, no sound of hope. Yet they felt a sense of relief and freedom in being here, where they could see and know what was befalling.

"Oh, that is better!" said she, and lifted up her face to breathe the fresher air.

"One would say," said he, watching the dark cameo of her face, as it detached itself from the straight line of masonry, "that you had a kind of enjoyment of all this."

"In a sense I have. There is so much space and power. And there is the feeling of having for once put action and responsibility out of one's hands. There is nothing now which it can possibly be one's duty to do."

"You don't feel any fear of death, then?"

"I fear it physically, of course—the actual drowning and choking—ah, don't let us talk of it. But at least we shall have had this hour of freedom and rest."

"I could bear it better," he returned, "if there were any element of struggle. To sit still in a cage until death chooses to come and put an end to you—that's horrible!"

She turned toward him and seemed to consider his point of view until it became hers, for she shuddered and said: "It is horrible!"

There was silence again between them for a little while. Again, when her face was bent forward, he was able to watch its outline. Surely she was younger than he had supposed.

"What made you stay?" he asked suddenly. She hesitated a little.

"What made *you*?"

"I hardly know, more than what I said—that nobody cared much whether I did or not, and that I did not care much myself. But I am older than you, and I have had about as much out of life as it will ever give me."

"I don't think that it need be a question of age how much one's life is worth. Mine did not matter to any one, either; and it was not very easy or hopeful for myself. I had wanted so much, and had to learn that I must do with so little. Of course, it is not noble to care so much about one's own petty happiness, but oh! one does care! And then, all at once, here was a way of escape, not selfish, but to help happier people, and * * * it seemed the key to everything when you stood up in the boat and said that you would stay."

"Yet," said he, "I could not help wondering, as we stepped out, whether what we were really giving to those young lovers was only time to lose their love for each other, even in remembrance. For death can only destroy the future, but life can destroy the past, too."

"Are you sorry, then, that you staid?"

There was a little note of mockery in the question, or his conscience created it.

"No, it seemed the thing to do. One can but act in the present. And even if a man could know certainly that death would keep their love for them, and life would lose it, he could hardly bring himself to say, 'Then let death come.' It takes Apollo to give death when he is asked for the best gift. But yet, what a chance for two lovers to have died together so!"

She drew a rather deeper breath and made no spoken answer.

Down at the far horizon the late moon was rising, vague and cloudy. A ghostly light, bringing in its wake mysterious shadows, spread slowly as the moon drowsily lifted herself and dropped the mists from her shoulders. The man, looking down, in this clearer light, to the water, started and said, "It is coming up much faster."

She stooped and looked. Then their eyes, lifting, sought each other. Both faces were pale in the moonlight. On both sat the human shrinking from this upward crawling fate. Yet it was something to see each other.

"How long is it to morning?" she asked.

He drew out his watch, but there came a cloud across the moon and they had to wait.

"It is just past twelve," said he.

"Perhaps they will come out by moonlight."

"Perhaps," said he. But neither of them had any trust in the hope.

He had seen in the moment when they looked at each other that she was indeed younger than his first supposition, though hardly so young as his second. She might be five and twenty. It was not the face of a girl. She had returned to her former position, and now, leaning back against the chimney, lifted up her face to the sky. Her eyes were closed and her lips drawn in. There was but time to look once before the lips curved again into a smile and the eyes opened to a calm gaze.

The man sitting by her heard the changing and deepening tone of the water as it came up and up.

"You are too young for this," said he abruptly.

His voice had changed and deepened like the tone of the water.

"No, no," she answered after a moment. "Don't trouble about me."

"I do trouble about you. It's horrible! horrible!"

She again kept silence for a little space; then she said: "When I heard you say—that—in the boat, and get up to stay, I felt, suddenly, as if it was a cruel thing not to stay with you, too—as well as to save them."

She had been obliged to speak the last words loudly: for the wind rose suddenly and fiercely, and the shock of the water broke noisily on the walls. And as she ceased came a terrible crash; the whole building creaked and swayed; there were heavy splashes in the water, and water spouted over them as they caught and clung to each other. Long hair was blown before his face. They held each other fast, panting and trembling. She freed a hand and drew aside her hair. There was a sound of water, running, trickling, and dropping. The calm moon, pursuing her leisurely pathway, passed out from behind a cloud, and showed them that the platform at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposite had fallen.

"If it had been these!" said she.

They crouched nearer together, each still holding to the other. The fear in each mind now was the fear of being divided, of losing all human companionship. The waters were rising faster, rising, as it seemed, with a malignant, hungry joy.

"It can't be long now," said the man.

"No," said she.

There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gust of wind abated; the moon found a wide, open archway among the clouds; the face of the waters grew by comparison still again.

"And so," said he, "it was for me you staid, and even at the end I can't go away in peace without pulling down some one else. And you, who staid, are a stranger, and we shall die here together, strangers. Oh, the irony of of this world. All my life I have been solitary and deserted. It has been my fault—no doubt it has been my fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time."

She remained silent, and the monotonous pulse of the water throbbed below.

"But if, by any miracle, we should be saved, at least we know each other now," said he.

"Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, of each other, but not the shallows. If we were to be saved we should feel like friends till we came to land, and then you would go your way and I mine; and if we were to meet once a week for a twelvemonth we should speak to each other at first, and then we should nod and smile, and by and by we should pass and take no notice. No, what knowledge or friendship we have does not belong to this life!"

"You believe, then, in another?"

"It is hardly that I believe in another life so much as that I can't believe in death. We could not be capable of so much, and desirous of so much, and nothing come. We have not half enough. I feel so much, much more. No, I am not afraid. There's more."

He in his turn was silent. Perhaps he forebore, out of pity, to put forth a word against her hope; perhaps in his soul, too, a like hope, which he had taken to be long dead, began to stir and murmur.

The moon had put on, minute by minute, a fuller glory; it was illumining an arch of clouds, and beyond the arch lay measureless liquid, lucid depths. She looked and pointed upward. The full glow shone on her face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow ineffable softening; in all the lines of her features breathed a spirit of exultant reception.

"The open doorway of infinity," said he, fitting to this radiance its apt poetic description, but without anything of the poet's rapture or belief. Her lips moved to a recognizing smile.

"And can you look up to that and despair?" she asked.

"That has no voice for me. It is too far off, too silent, too unmoved. That glory may come back, as serene, to look down on my drowned face. But you have to die with me. What hope there is in life or death you have shown me. I don't know that it is lasting or that it is good for much; but such as it is, it comes from you."

Again the water came rushing over the fallen chimneys, and they looked out in momentary apprehension. But the sudden torrent subsided, and the waters went on rising again slowly as before.

He then quietly proceeded: "One thinks of life as the life one has known. To-night a glimpse has come to me of something that seems to make life worth going on with. It may be life on the other side of a division; I can't tell. I don't want to be carried back into the old life, but I do want life—the life that I nearly saw just now, when we thought that our time was upon us. And I have found you, standing with me upon the brink. We do not know each other, you say; we are not friends, and can't be. I don't know. I only know that I would neither go on nor go back, alone.

Her hand, which still clung to his arm, trembled and was withdrawn, and in the next moment stole softly into his.

They sat quite silent, and the endless night drew on. Memories rose before each of them of hopes and dreams that had once been all in all, and now were small and faint and immeasurably distant. Around them, rising always, surged the persistent waters. Now and again gusts of wind awoke suddenly and brought a sweep of waves over the submerged masonry.

Presently oozing drops began to creep between the chimneys behind them.

"We must go up higher," said the man.

They quitted their sheltered nook, and, mounting, stood upon the platform of brick-work. The wind flung itself upon them in fury. They clunk to the chimneys and to each other, and for a few minutes stood so, battling strenously to keep their foothold.

The man cried out suddenly, "Oh! if there were only some place for you! It is too hard a death for you. I am so sorry for you."

And even while he spoke the water was up about their feet, snatching and dragging at them.

"I am not sorry," she answered. "And oh, no! it is not hard; it is the best moment life has ever brought me!"

Her voice was blown away as it crossed her lips. It was only because they were uttered at his ear that he could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was over. There was nothing now but hard-drawn breath, and the vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of floods.

Railway Accidents in England.

The official report of railway accidents in 1883, compiled by the Board of Trade, serves to show with how marvelous a degree of security to human life the enormous traffic of the United Kingdom is conducted. While millions travel, less than a score are killed, except where carelessness on the part of the sufferer contributes to a fatal issue. In the year before last, eighteen passengers were killed by causes beyond their own control. Last year the number fell to eleven! It is only necessary to compare these figures with the actual number of passengers carried, to conclude that railway traveling is almost the safest pursuit in which anybody can engage. In 1882 it was calculated that if season-ticket holders were included, the fatal accidents to passengers would only amount to one in 43,000,000 journeys. When we have the full statistics of passenger journeys for the past year we may expect to find that we have reached the comfortable ratio of about 80,000,000 journeys for each fatality. It is true that even eleven deaths, for the occurrence of which the victims were in no wise responsible, afford matter for regret; yet, under the circumstances of the case, there is solid ground for satisfaction. Looking back for a period of nearly forty years, we can trace the steady tendency to improvement in the degree of personal safety connected with railway traveling. In the three years which ended with 1849 the annual average of deaths among passengers was twelve, and this at a time when railway traveling was very limited, compared with what it now is. These twelve deaths were at the rate of one for less than five million journeys. Hence we may reckon that if the passengers on a railway will only take due care of themselves, they are now exposed to less than a tithe of the risk that was incurred by those who patronized the rail in earlier days.

A Monster Iceberg.

Captain White, of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, says: "On April 27, in atitude 51 deg. 18 min. north, longitude 53 deg. 25 min. west, I saw an iceberg about three miles in length, and as nearly as I could judge about seventy feet in height. Around the sides of this huge island were many harbors and creeks. During the whole of my experience I have never seen a berg approach this one in size, nor had the oldest sealer on board my ship. It was surrounded by drift ice and a number of small bergs, and had I not been positive of the position of my ship, I should have taken it for an island."

SHAKESPEARE has been dead just two hundred and sixty-eight years. Had it not been for the sweet singer of Michigan, how sadly the world would have missed him!

An Unpleasant Visit.

Some years ago, A. R. Spicer, and his partner, James Campbell, of Texas, were mining for gold on a gulch or ravine, one of the branches of Canyon Creek, in Sierra county, California. Our cabin was but a few miles from the base of Pilot Peak, one of the tallest peaks of the sierras. This peak is covered with perpetual snow, and from its base run six bold mountain streams, all very rich in gold; on its north side run Onion Valley, Hopkin's and Poorman's Creeks, emptying into Feather river; on its south side run Grass Valley, State and Canyon Creeks, emptying into the Yuba river. The unsurpassed richness of the rivers and creeks mentioned is a matter of history, and can be vouched for by Napoleon Hill, now a noted merchant, but who 33 years ago was a rough miner in a rough country, and surrounded by rough citizens. We all knew him in those days as "Pole" Hill, but even in that early day we all knew him to be "a rough diamond, all the same," etc. Now, to my master-of-fact story: In the summer and fall of 1852, James Campbell and the writer found a very rich mine in the small ravine spoken of above, etc.

As we did not care to desert our rich claim, it behooved us to prepare for the winter by building a large, strong cabin and laying up a good supply of provisions, which, with the help of our only neighbors, we did. Our neighbors were John Mason and his brother "Burt," from Maine. So you see the two extremes—Maine and Texas, with Tennessee thrown in—met and were friends in time of need, etc. We were all four of us solid democrats and could not differ on politics, and as we had no Sunday service, or much of any other service to disturb us, we were happy. We passed our time when not at work in shooting at a mark (we all had Colt's six shooters and Mississippi rifles carrying about an ounce ball) or playing poker or some other innocent game. But Mason and the writer, being about the same age, were "chums." We were known to be the best shots with pistol and rifle far and near, and being always together we were not troubled with much foolishness from sharpers or "men spoiling for a fight." We both had an opportunity to show our nerve and skill with our rifles. It was about the 20th of October, 1852. Our winter set in; commenced in rain but ended in snow. After two days of rain it turned much colder, and about night commenced snowing, but as my partner (Jim Campbell) and myself had an unusually large and comfortable cabin well filled with supplies, we were happy, and concluded to let it snow, etc. Now, allow me to describe our cabin and position. At one end was our fireplace, about eight feet wide; the other end our door, about four feet wide and six feet high. On one side were our bunks or beds, one above the other, as they are on steamboats. The other side was devoted to a general use for our provisions. In the corner next to the door was a half barrel of mess pork; next to it, on a big peg, hung a large fat quarter of beef; near it a large, unskinned, uncut blacktail buck that the writer had killed that morning within 100 yards of our cabin; next to it, on good-sized puncheons, was a keg of molassas and sacks of flour, potatoes, beans, coffee and sugar, etc. After eating a hearty supper we sat by a roaring fire, smoking our pipes of peace, talking and dreaming of homes and loved ones in far-off, distant States—Campbell contending that the Texas girls were the prettiest in the world, and I trying to convince him that for shape, beauty, style and talent, the Tennessee girls surpassed all others. We finally concluded to suspend our discussion till morning and retire to our lonely bunks. We were soon wrapped in our blankets and sound asleep. How long I had been asleep I cannot say; I was awakened by some terrible growls and very uncomfortable noises. By the light of the fire I could see our unwelcome visitors—three large grizzly bears. They had undoubtedly scented our fresh meat, pushed open our door, which we had forgotten to bar, and marched in and helped themselves. The largest one was in front—evidently the mother of the smaller ones; she looked to me in my fright of enormous size. They all at first seemed to be afraid of the fire, but soon became quite at home. The large one quietly raised herself on her "hind" feet and very nicely pulled down the quarter of beef, which she seemed to enjoy. The cubs soon had down the deer, and after much growling and fussing they settled the matter by eating it up between them with much relish. We had hanging above our flour, potatoes, etc., four real, sure enough Davis' canvassed hams, that cost us 75 cents per pound. To see Madame Grizzly and her immense and hungry cubs going for those hams would have been amusing "to a man up a tree," but to us, who were too near to be at all happy, with no way to escape, it was anything but funny. After finishing the hams they went for the sacks—flour, potatoes, beans and coffee they did not admire. But the sack of sugar they seemed to enjoy very much; they commenced looking around for something more that was good. One of the cubs turned over the half barrel of pork, but they did not like it after so many good things. Madam Grizzly in her way seemed to say it was about time they were going, but before leaving she thought it but right to thank us for our kindness, etc. She turned and came direct to our banks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in. "Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you durn little fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed, for we must have bear meat or we are busted."

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, started. I found it had cleared up, and the snow not over one foot deep. Our cabins were on a ridge or divide between two ravines—with no undergrowth, but any amount of very large spruce pine trees. The Masons' cabin was about one-fourth of a mile down the ridge from ours. I was not long getting there, and soon had them up. After arming themselves with rifles, pistols and knives we returned and found that Campbell had ready for us a big pot of hot coffee and a fair breakfast, such as the bears had left us. Campbell was made boss. He put Burt Mason on the left and the writer on the right, he and John Mason in the centre. It was now about light. The trail of the bears was plain and easily followed. We went slow and cautiously for about a mile. The sun was coming up when, to our surprise, we came in sight of our game. They seemed to be in no hurry to get out of our way. Campbell ordered Burt Mason and me to move to the right and left about 50 yards, and not to fire until he ordered, etc. I began to think he never would hollow to us to stop, but he did. The old bear rose up and sat down, facing Mason and Campbell, and bid defiance to them with unearthly growls. "Now, Bob," Campbell yelled, "put your ball right in her ear. If you miss, you are a dead boy." I stood not 50 yards to the right, beside a large spruce pine, took a long and steady sight and sent an ounce ball through the madam's brain. In an instant Burt's rifle boomed out and sent a ball through the heart of one of the cubs. The third one escaped unhurt, as Campbell and Mason were holding back their fires. We soon reloaded and were ready for more, but it was unnecessary, as our bullets had done the deed. The old bear struggled for half an hour before it was safe to go within her reach. The smaller one died easy, as Burt's ball had gone through its heart. Campbell ran up before the large one was quite dead and cut her throat; both bled freely. About three miles from our cabins was quite a town of several hundred inhabitants, called the Crossing, as it was on the main trail leading from Downieville going north. It was a place of much interest and trading, etc. John Mason went there for help to save our prize, and he returned about noon with about 25 men, all more than anxious to see the huge bears that Mason had told them about. "Where are the boys that did this shooting?" said one of the hardest looking men in the crowd. "Oh! there you are!" looking at Burt and me. "Well, youngsters, I'll be a little more 'tacular how I talk to ye hereafter. Say, men," he continued, "les' drag this 'big b'ar' down to the Crossing, have her skinned, and sell her out for the boys. I'll open up for 20 pounds at $1 per pound." They all gave a hand, and with our gun straps soon had them on the way. Before we got half way we were met by over 100 men, with yells and cheers, but what was more useful, they had ropes and four big mules—the ropes were made good use of, but Brother Mule could not be coaxed nearer than 50 yards of Brother Bear. We finally arrived about night at the town. The town butcher soon had them swung up in his shop; next morning everybody from far and near was there to see the huge beasts. The butcher soon skinned them and was but a short time in selling. The large one netted us a little over $800, the smaller one we divided with the butcher and ourselves, etc.; Burt, and I fell heir to the skins, which were sent to Sacramento city to be dressed. Burt carried his to his home; the writer gave his to his old, big-hearted, best friend, James Campbell, of Texas,—but few such men as he live in this fast age.

New Styles in Caskets.

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for $15. There is another which would cost you $250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After using one of our rubber-cushioned caskets I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

Death By Telegraph.

The discussion of electric light dangers springs up or breaks out often and in numerous places. A scientist and expert was asked if a man's life was in danger when his body was exposed to the current of electricity necessary to feed the electric light. His reply was that no man knew the extent of the danger, or rather the extent of the injury that might be incurred. If a man should place his hand upon the wire before the generator started and keep them there until the machine stopped, as he might be obliged to whether he wanted to or not, since the muscles would contract very strongly—if he did this, it is believed that he would be comparatively safe; but if his hands were removed, if they could be, or if the wire should break while the generator was in operation, he would receive an induction spark that might kill him and might not. That would depend on what part was affected and upon the man's physical condition. It might paralyze the heart, it might cause strangulation, and in any case would be likely to cause more or less derangement of the nervous system. But the positive or definite result will not be known, cannot be known, except by actual experience. Some light may be thrown upon it by experiments on lower animals. Even then man may not be satisfied, and proceed to test and perhaps kill himself. Then we shall know, and possibly not till then.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 4, '84.

FROSTS IN THE WEST.

Chicago, May 29.—Special dispatches from Janesville, Beloit, Oak Creek, Fond-du-Lack, Racine and other points in Wisconsin, and from Freeport, Ill., report a severe and blighting frost which has done very considerable damage to the crops, particularly the corn.

Cleveland, May 29.—Dispatches from all over northern Ohio indicate that the frost last night did great damage to the fruit, vegetables and grain.

Lancaster, Pa., May 29.—There was a heavy frost in this vicinity last night, ice forming in many places. In some places the young tobacco plants were frozen hard, inflicting serious injury to the new crop.

Reading, Pa., May 29.—Reports from various points in this section indicate that during the night there was a severe frost. In some places ice was formed ¼ inch thick. Potatoes and garden vegetables were somewhat damaged.

Chicago, May 29.—A dispatch from Rockford says a heavy frost visited that section last night, doing great damage to growing grain and vegetables. Corn in many places is ruined and it is too late to plant again.

FIVE MEN KILKED IN A FACTORY.

Troy, N. Y., May 27.—A terrible explosion at Waterford last evening caused the loss of five lives and did much damage to property. It was not a boiler this time, but a bleacher in a straw-board factory of Moore & Wilson that did the damage. At the time of the explosion there were nine men employed in and about the building, and the wonder is that any escaped, as the entire establishment was wrecked, the building falling into a mass of ruins. A force was at once put to work to rescue the men buried in the debris.

It is said to be an open secret that the British Government has lately come into possession of most alarming information regarding the condition of affairs in the Soudan. Strenuous efforts are made to keep this information from the public, but it is known that El Mahdi's emissaries are successfully engaged in breeding discontent among the Egyptian soldiers who are garrisoning the Soudan. Military experts say that sooner or later there is bound to be a wholesale mutiny of the Egyptian troops, accompanied by massacres of the British officers, as in the Sepoy rebellion of 1858, which like the present rising in the Soudan, had a quasi-religious basis. It is estimated that El Mahdi's force includes 5,000 soldiers of the Egyptian regular army. Some of these men were captured after the defeat of Hicks Pasha, and willingly changed their allegiance to El Mahdi. But the great number have come to his standard by the steady flow of desertions from the Soudan garrison, which has been in progress for the past seven months.

THE FATHER OF 27 CHILDREN.

Seneca City, S. C., May 25.—Near this place there lives one of the largest families in the United States. Mr. Joel Vaughn has been married four times. His last three wives were widows, all of whom had children by previous husbands, respectively eight, seven and four, a total of nineteen. These four wives bore Mr. Vaughn twenty-seven children, which, added to the nineteen children, gave Mr. Vaughn control of forty-six children. There are thus seven different sets of children. The old man is now 80 years of age, and his youngest child is an infant.

Backache, itchings in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be promptly and thoroughly corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. As dinner pils, and as aids to digestion, they have no equal. They cure constipation.

NINE WORKMEN BURIED IN A TUNNEL.

Ligonier, Pa., May 29.—Knupps tunnel on the South Pennsylvania railroad, was the scene of a terrible accident by which nine men were instantly killed and eleven others seriously injured, with slight hopes of recovery. A large force of men was engaged in excavating the tunnel about 100 feet from the main entrance when a heavy scaffolding gave way with the above result.

SMALL POX AT ASHLAND.

Ashland, Pa., May 30.—Small-pox still continues to spread. The borough authorities have built a hospital, which is now almost filled. Three new cases have been developed to-day. The disease has broken out at Girardville, Centralia and intermediate points. No cause for spread of the disease can be assigned, save the carelessness of the people. The residents of the entire valley are alarmed.

Hon. L. A. Mackey, of Lock Haven, having positively declined to be a candidate for the legislature in Clinton county, that leaves only two candidates in the field—A. W. Brungard and A. H. Strayer. They both belong to Lock Haven and both are anxious to go to Harrisburg.

— With the good outlook for large crops, and cheap clothing at the Philad. Branch, a year of prosperity is ahead for the people of our county. Levins & Co. have the finest assortment of new suits ever brought to our county before. Go and see their stock, examine their prices and don't fail to make a purchase if you want to save money.

A TERRIBLE COLLAPSE.

Baltimore, May 30.—Soon after 2 o' clock the weight of the cotton stored in Hooper's building, No. 37, South Gay St., caused the structure to collapse. A lot of people were in and about the place at the time, and several were killed. Eight bodies have been recovered from the ruins thus far.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED

even if you have tried many remedies for your Kidney disease or Liver complaint without success it is no reason why you should think your disorder incurable. The most intractable cases readily yield to the potent virues of Kidney-Wort. It is a purely vegetable compound which acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels at the same time and thus cleanses the whole system. Don't wait but get a package to cure yourself to-day.

GOOD LANGUAGE.

As soon as a child begins to lisp its first broken sentence, its education should begin. Habits are formed which will exist to a greater or less degree throughout life. Such being the case, the conversation of the older members of the family should be carefully guarded, lest the little ones hear and learn ungrammatical expressions and slang, which, sad to say, is so rife among our young people of the present day. The servants, with whom children spend much of their time, should be chosen with reference to this matter. A mother should feel it her duty to point out any grammatical mistakes made by them, and insist upon their language being correct, respectful, and devoid of slang at all times. It is exceedingly difficult to break children of habits once formed, and care in this direction will save much trouble and annoyance. One way to cultivate the use of language, and at the same time to learn of the occupations and companions of her children, is for the mother to encourage the daily narration of what they have seen, heard, and enjoyed, and the telling of their little experiences. The study of pictures, moreover, in which every child delights, may be used as a great provocation of language. Children always love to look at pictures, and can almost always be induced to talk about them. This study teaches them observation, and how to accurately describe whatever they see. When stories are read to children they should be obliged to reproduce them, using as far as possible the language of the book. The memory is much strengthened in this way, a habit of attention formed, and the power of expression increased. If such plans as these are systematically carried out, they will prove a wonderful help in the thorough education of a child. The constant, careful teaching and kind suggestions of parents will accomplish a work which can never be performed by study, and in after years such early home training will show itself in a ready command of language, and an easy, graceful power of conversation.

LONG LIVES.

There is a belief among the East Indians that the elephant lives about 300 years, and instances are on record of the animals having been kept in captivity as long as 130 years, their age being unknown when they were first taken wild from the forest. Camels live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty to thirty, oxen about twenty, sheep eight or nine and dogs from twelve to fourteen years. It has been observed that, as a general rule, the larger types of animals live longer than the vertebrated classes—quadrupeds and birds, reptiles and fishes. Some kinds of birds attain a great age; the swan has been known to live 100 years, and it is recorded that the raven has exceeded that age; birds of prey attain to great longevity, and the eagle has survived a century. Parrots have been known to live sixty and as long as eighty years. Pheasants and domestic poultry rarely exceed ten or fifteen years. A tortoise was placed in the garden of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth in 1633, during the life of Archbishop Laud, and lived till 1753, when it perished by accident. Such batrachians, as the toad, are known to live about fifteen years. Fishes and animals that live in the water attain, in many instances, to a great age. The carp has been known to live 200 years. Common river trout have been confined in a well thirty and even fifty years. A pike has been known to live in a pond ninety years; and Gesner relates that in 1497 an enormous pike was caught in a lake near Heilbronn in Swabia, with a brass ring attached to it, recording that it was put in the lake in the year 1230; the ring is still preserved at Mannheim. The whale, it is said, attains to an age of about 400 years.

THE MIDGET SHEEP.

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep, says a contemporary, is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise, for of course it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep, quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but, if, on the contrary, the person, shed tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

Beware of Frauds.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It cures colds, croup, asthma, deafness and rheumatism.

How are you off for Dry Goods?	How are you off for Carpets?	How are you off for Collars & Cuffs?
" " " Groceries?	" " " Trunks?	" " " Neck-wear?
" " " Shoes?	" " " Satchels?	" " " Oil Cloths?
" " " Hats & Caps?	" " " Hosiery?	" " " Toweling?
" " " Clothing?	" " " Gloves?	" " " Handkerchiefs?
" " " Queensware?	" " " Parasols?	" " " Embroideries?
" " " Glassware?	" " " Muslins?	" " " Lace?
" " " Woodware?	" " " Shirtings?	" " " Window shades
	" " " Shirts?	

Do You Want No. 1 Goods at Low Prices? Go to VALENTINES STORE CO., LIM., Bellefonte Pa.,

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151 & 153 BUSH'S ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Parson Newman is regarded as the most powerful preacher in New York. He can break up any church in which he is allowed to lift up his voice.

Should the parson get down into the lower regions and break up that institution too, wont he get the belt over all others?

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apr8m

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J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.

MANUFACTURED IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST ..... SHOES, ...

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

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SANITARIUM. Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 200 pgs. Illustrated. (All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts, paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 144 p 15c, sent sealed, money or stps, by DR. WHITTIER 302 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

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LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

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Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE, GROCERIES. COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the CROWNING GLORY, FORT ORANGE, EASTLAKE AND WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

New spring stock of woolens, for merchant tailoring, at the Bee Hive.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may5m Spring Mills, Pa.

I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than any one else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,
C. DINGES.

A New Enterprise.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that a new

MILLINER AND FANCY STORE

has been opened, (two doors below Dinges' store,) in CENTRE HALL, where you will find a full and endless variety of fine

FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS, &c., &c, &c.

Feeling that a new, desirable and fine line of the above goods is what has been wanted in this community I have come to supply the want, and respectfully ask all to come and examine my goods.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED WEEKLY,

and each time you call will have something new to show you. Spring Goods now open in great variety, and more coming.

DRESS MAKING A SPECIALTY.

16ap2m S. AVILDA LONG.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE & PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES, COAL STOVES, & RANGES.

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

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This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Classical Course of Four Years.
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The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
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6 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
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Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address GEO W. ATHERTON, President, lyuwp State College, Centre Co., Pa.

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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

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BOND VALENTINE,

Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission. Insures First-class Life Companies, " " Life and Accident Companies, " " Fire Companies. German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2apr

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

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JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

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New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA

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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. ☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜ Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 6jun

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—EVERYTHING MARKED IN— PLAIN FIGURES,

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N. B,—Merchant Tailoring a Specialty. Also sole Agents for the celebrated Jamestown Dress Goods.

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All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
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CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all stye,

Great Reduction

AT SPRING MILLS,

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DRESS GOODS,
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Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pract'l and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 806 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.
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Relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; believing in their almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, and that these testimonials make the cures, while the so-called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. We have avoided publishing testimonials, as they do not make the cures, although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands

of them, of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that makes the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give references to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in. We believe the schedule for visits is $3, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone. And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

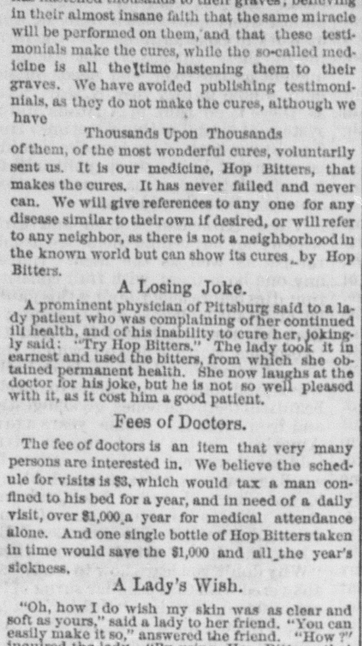
A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe.

Given Up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble."


"Will the coming man smoke?" was settled by Prof. Fisk in his charming pamphlet. He says, moreover, that the rational way to use tobacco is through the pipe. All agree that only the best tobacco should be used. Which is the best? That to which Nature has contributed the most exquisite flavors. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco fills the bill completely. Nearly two-thirds of all the tobacco grown on the Golden Tobacco belt of North Carolina goes into the manufactory of Blackwell, at Durham. They buy the pick of the entire section. Hence Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the best of that tobacco. Don't be deceived when you buy. The Durham Bull trade-mark is on every genuine package.
Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham is the choice of all judges of Smoking Tobacco.
PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the

BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS,

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

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23apr3m Linden Hall, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Catharine Leighty, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

23ap6t JOHN DANIELS, Executor

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

IN

BOOTS, — SHOES — & — HATS.

The best assortment of BOOTS SHOES & HATS, that was ever brought to this part of the county, and sold at the LOWEST PRICES.

Come and look at our stock—no trouble to show goods.

BUTTER and EGGS will be taken in exchange hereafter. Call and see the stock before buying elsewhere.

JOHN MULLEN,

23apr1y CENTRE HALL, PA.

JOHN KLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA

Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,

Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines, Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

PROGRAM OF THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The state board of Agriculture will meet at Lock Haven on the 11th and 12th of June. Gov. Pattison, Hon. J. Simpson Africa, secretary of internal affairs, Prof. G. W. Atherton, president Pennsylvania State college; Hon. Leonard Rhone, master Pennsylvania state grange; Rev. James Calder, lecturer Pennsylvania state grange; Prof. W. J. Jordon, chemist of the board, and Dr. H. Leffman, microscopist of the board, have promised to be present and to participate in the proceedings. All the sessions will be public. Excursion tickets to and from Lock Haven can be procured upon orders from Thomas J. Edge, secretary of the board, Harrisburg.

The programme will be opened on Wednesday morning, June 11, at 9 o'clock, by an address of welcome by Lieutenant Wm. Hayes and a reply on behalf of the board by Governor Pattison. On Wednesday afternoon essays will be read as follows: "The proper time to cut timber," M. W. Oliver, of Crawford; "Farmers' Garden," Rev. James Calder; "Winter and spring care of farm stock," A. D. Stutton, of Indiana; "Renting farms—a money rent vs. a share of the crops," Hon. M. C. Beebe, of Venango. In the evening Dr. H. Leffman and Dr. A. N. Robb, of Lock Haven, will speak of "the methods and results of some recent tests of farm products, etc.," and "the elements of agricultural science." On Thursday morning the following subjects will be discussed: "Country Roads," John A. Woodward, associate editor of *Farm Journal*;" "The Mistakes of Clinton County Farmers," George J. Eldred, of Clinton county; "Forests and Rainfall," secretary; "Tobacco Culture," C. S. McCormick, Esq., of Lock Haven. Thursday afternoon will be occupied by the consideration of the following subjects: "The results of some experiments in field and farm," Prof. W. H. Jordon; "The Proper Care and Use of the Farm House," J. W. Mather, of Tioga; "A Good Farmer," Hon. C. C. Musselman, of Somerset; "Farm Economy;" J. A. Herr, of Clinton. The session of the evening will be devoted to the consideration of such topics as may be called upon by those present, or to the consideration of such topics not exhausted at the preceding sessions. It is also expected that essays upon other topics will be presented.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

No man of good habits, and willing to work can fail in my business. I am paying large salaries, with expenses, furnishing a costly outfit free, and can give the right man work the year around. [I can employ 50 more at once.] My business is increasing every month, and if you mean business—whether you ever canvassed or not—send for terms and I will soon have you make money. Write as soon as you read this to J. AUSTIN SHAW,

4t e o w Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

LIABILITY FOR ACTS OF HIRED MEN.

Few farmers have a correct idea of the extent of their liability for acts of hired help. Judge Parrish, in a late address before the Grand Rapids (Michigan) farmers' club, explained the rules of the common law in relation to the torts and negligence of farm employes. The essential portions of his remarks we condense for the readers. The farmer, according to this authority, "is responsible in damages to third persons for wrong acts or negligences of hired help occasioning injury, whether the act be one of omission; whether in conformity to his orders or even in disobedience to them, by negligence, fraud, deceit, or even willful misconduct, so long as it was in the course of the employment." For instance: The farmer has a horse affected with glanders or heaves and he orders his hired man to take it out on the road and sell it or trade it off. He is told not to warrant or recommend the horse, or to resort to any jockey tricks in order to make a sale. The first person met is stumped for a trade. The hired man is asked if the horse is sound, and he answers, "Perfectly so; not a blemish or fault about him; and that he would not be afraid to warrant him." The trade is made, and the employer is liable for the deceit, because the swindle was in the course of the employment.

A hired man is driving a neighbor's cow out of his employer's cornfield, killed it with a stone. The court held the employer liable for the value of the cow.

A hired man taking by mistake a bag of barley instead of oats, fed some of the grain to the horses, puts a clevis in the bag and left it in the old place, saying nothing about the matter. The farmer filled the bag with ears of corn and took it to mill; in grinding the clevis injured the cracker. The farmer was held for the damage.

A farmer is liable for trespass of his hired man, done honestly in the course of his employment—as cutting timber on land of an adjacent proprietor.

It being the duty of the employe to unload a certain load of wood, and by throwing it overboard he accidentally or purposely wounds a by-stander, the employer is liable. But if the unloading was no part of his duty at the time, there would be no liability. The test of responsibility is not whether the act was done according to instructions, but whether done in the prosecution of the work he was doing for his employer. If a hired man, in performing a particular act in a particular manner, departs from instructions to inflict a wanton injury on a third person, the employer is not liable.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the blood and stomach ever manufactured.

The Lemoyne crematory at Washington, Pa., is overworked. It cannot meet the demands upon it. Bodies for incineration have been shipped from all parts of the country, and the capacity of the furnace has been so severely taxed that the managers have concluded to shut down on the general public. On and after August next, no bodies will be incinerated save those furnished by Washington county. As the industry of cremating human bodies is now properly recognized, it is presumed that furnaces will be at once established to meet the growing demands of the section.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, and other blood purifying roots, combined with iodide of potassium and iron. Its control over scrofulous diseases is unequalled by any other medicine.

Ex-Doorkeeper Fitzhugh, of Texas, to Fred. Ward: "You'er a bigger man than old Grant."

THE FACTORY GIRLS OF LONDON.

There is, however, below the shop girls, the dress-makers, the servants, and the working girls whom the world knows, a very large class of women whom the world does not know, and is not anxious to know. They are the factory hands of London; you can see them, if you wish, trooping out of the factories and places where they work any Saturday afternoon, and thus get them, so to speak, in the lump. Their amusement seems to consist of nothing but walking about the streets two or three abreast, and they laugh and shout as they go so noisily that they must need be extraordinarily happy. These girls are, I am told, for the most part so ignorant and helpless that many of them do not know even how to use a needle; they cannot read, or if they can, they never do; they carry the virtue of independence as far as they are able, and insist on living by themselves, two sharing a single room; nor will they brook the least interference with their freedom, even from those who try to help them. Who are their friends, what becomes of them in the end, why they all seem to be about eighteen years of age, at what period of life they begin to get tired of walking up and down the streets, who their sweethearts are, what are their thoughts, what are their hopes—these are questions which no man can answer, because no man could make them communicate their experiences and opinions. Perhaps only a Bible-woman or two know the history, and could tell it, of the London factory girl. Their pay is said to be wretched, whatever work they do; their food, I am told, is insufficient for young and hearty girls, consisting generally of tea and bread or bread and butter for breakfast and supper, and for dinner a lump of fried fish and a piece of bread. What can be done? The proprietors of the factory will give no better wages, the girls cannot combine, and there is no one to help them. One would not willingly add another to the "rights" of man or woman; but surely, if there is such a thing at all as a "right," it is that a day's labor shall earn enough to pay for sufficient food, for shelter and for clothes. As for the amusements of these girls, it is a thing which may be considered when something has been done for their material condition. The possibility of amusement only begins when we have reached the level of the well-fed. Great Gaster will let no one enjoy play who is hungry. Would it be possible, one asks in curiosity, to stop the noisy and mirthless laughter of these girls with a hot supper of chops fresh from the grill? Would they, if they were first well fed, incline their hearts to rest reflection, instruction and a little music?

PULLED FROM HIS DEN.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream* relates how a man named Lynch in New Brunswick once hauled a live bear with a yoke of steers. He says: Mr. Lynch was drawing logs on a single bob-sled, an affair consisting of two runners, with one strongly braced bench or "bunk." He noticed a hole near the base of a stump, around which the snow was melting, and he stopped his steers to prospect. He found that the cavity beneath contained a bear, and that it was large enough for him to move around quite freely. Lynch enlarged the entrance and stirred Bruin up, but all attempts to inflict a mortal wound with his axe were futile. He thought his chances would be better if he could get the bear out.

Taking his "tow chain," one end of which was fast to his bunk, he slipped the double of the chain back through a ring on the other end and made a noose, which he dropped over Bruin's head. He then gave the steers the haul-away word. They brought the bear to the surface, but becoming frightened at the sight of the bear at the other end of the line, they broke for the camp in the wildest sort of a run, Lynch following as fast as he could. The bear, forgetting that the steers, besides outnumbering him, had him at a decided disadvantage, would "set down the foot of his power" to stop the cattle, only to be dragged off his feet and convinced that he was a very poor anchor.

The steers reached the camp and rushed into the stable. They broke loose from the sled when it wedged into the doorway, and left Bruin picketed to the bunk. Lynch summoned the rest of the crew, and, lashing the bear to the bunk, took him to the settlement alive.

A FOOLISH SUPERSTITION.

Among the popular ideas prevailing at the present time with regard to a mad dog, is the belief that persons who may have been bitten by the animal a long time previously, and when it was healthy, are in danger of developing hydrophobia upon its subsequent appearance in the dog. This subject would seem almost too ridiculous to mention, were it not so common that a dog who bites a person maliciously is almost invariably killed with the sole intention of rendering the human being secure from hydrophobia. A little reflection should convince those who entertain this foolish superstition that by killing the animal they are depriving themselves of the only means of certainty as to its actual condition; for, if the first stages of rabies, it must exhibit pronounced symptoms within a very few days; whereas, if it remains healthy, by no possibility can the person bitten suffer other consequences than those arising from an ordinary wound.

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Late in Life to Look for Joy—Yet Never too Late to Mend.

Readers of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" will recall the pathos with which poor Clifford Pyncheon, who had been unjustly imprisoned since his early manhood, said, after his release "My life is gone, and where is my happiness? Oh! give me my happiness." But that could be done only in part, as beams of warm sunshine occasionally fell across the gloom of a New England autumn day.

In a letter to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., Mr. L. H. Titus, of Penington, N. J., says: "I have suffered untold misery from childhood from chronic diseases of the bowels and diarrhoea, accompanied by great pain. I sought relief at the hands of physicans of every school and used every patent and domestic remedy under the sun. I have at last found in PARKER'S TONIC a complete specific, preventive cure. As your invaluable medicine, which did for me what nothing else could do, is entitled to the credit of my getting back my happy days, I cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the fact."

Mrs. E. S. Wells, who needs no introduction to the people of Jersey City, adds the following: "The testimonial of Mr. Titus is genuine and voluntary; only he does not adequately portray the suffering he has endured for many years. He is my brother-in-law and I know the case well. He is now perfectly free from all troubles, and enjoys health and life, ascribing it all to Parker's Tonic." 2smay6t

His Slippery Glass Eye.

"The Squire," says the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "wore one glass and a wig. The glass eye was constantly slipping out of focus, and the wig turning around sidewise on his head whenever he addressed the people of Flat Creek District." Sad spectacle. Parker's Hair Balsam preserves and promotes the growth of the natural hair. It also restores the natural color to hair which has faded or become gray. Clean, elegant, beneficial, highly perfumed. 6t apr

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Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1883

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CHILD NATURE.

A man may be noble and great,
And a woman tender and pure,
But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine
Than childhood's innocent lore.
Ah, why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And we often lose with the lapse of years
The flawless faith of a child.

A man may be gallant and gay,
And a woman joyous and bright,
But they seldom keep through the waning years
The passions of pure delight.
Ah, why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And the harmless lightning of laughter plays
Round the guileless lips of a child.

Then happy are those who cherish
Youth's hopes and its fleeting tears,
And some clear signs of their childhood keep
Through a circle of changeful years.
Ah, why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little one smiled,
And the heads of the Wise Men bent above
The cradle that held a child.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room was a piece of canvas glowing with the soft tints of spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, with his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement, "to see how Frank was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way that sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple trees. I like the brown subdued gold at that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair,

"It's very pretty, but it strikes me, Frank, you are discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist pleasantly. What have you discovered about Miss Teller that isn't charming and womanly and loveable?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"

"Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low soft rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.

"Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

"Mother, I think one day she will be my wife!"

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Seymour composedly squeezing a little deep blue on his palette from a dainty tin tube and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in a half house and takes in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style as compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive!"

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse colored silk bonnet and gray shawl and set out on a tour of investigation.

"I'll find out about Miss Teller, or I will know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller "was at home," helping Mary Elton on an elaborate piece of embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz. yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet-blossomed pansies gave a delicate refinement to the detail of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lively blonde with large blue eyes, rose leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureola.

As Mrs. Seymour entered a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheeks, but otherwise she was calm and self possessed and readily parried the old lad's interrogateries.

"Very warm this morning," said the old lady fanning herself. "Do they have warm weather where you come from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it's very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factoryville, is that your native place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent of the great calico mills there?"

"Very well—I have seen him."

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"

"No, I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour, eagerly.

"Cynthia often says there's no society worth having in Factoryville, only the girls that work in the factory, and Cynthia is very genteel. But, excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller, how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not his daughter?"

Grace colored,

"Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair, she was beginning to see through the mystery.

"Perhaps you have something to do with the factory?"

"I have," said Grace, with calm dignity.

"A factory girl?" said Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white."

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyeing crimson.

"Disgrace? Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was she was thinking in her inmost mind, what will Frank say? and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess" went on Grace looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eye, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue clear gaze, only there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is——"

Mary came over to Grace's side and stooped to kiss her cheek.

"My dearest friend, my most precious companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave, stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively.

"A factory girl!" screamed the old lady at the top of her lungs, "a factory girl!"

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl, mother," said the young man with aggrivating calmness.

"Frank, don't jest me," pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once that you will give up this idle fancy for a girl who is in no respects equal to you."

"No, she is in no respects my equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, life less and despairing.

"Frank, Frank, I never thought to see my son marry a factory girl."

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went quietly on touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the picture.

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything.

Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was yet on her eyelashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton considerately slipped out to search for a missing pattern.

"I should rather think so," said Frank, looking admiringly down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies.

"Social position be ignored! What do I care for social position, so long as my little Grace has consented to make sunshine of my home!"

"Yes, but Frank——"

"Well, but Grace!"

"Do you really love me?"

For answer he took both the fair, delicate hands in his and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace Teller, demurely, "I'm afraid you'll make a dreadfully strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

And so the purple twilight faded into purple sofcer than the shadow of the Eastern amathysts, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Grace talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding the missing pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was she wanted to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes, of course I have been crying, Mrs. Randall; I've done nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid gloved hands "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady in a mysterious whisper, "Frank has been entrapped—inveighed into the most dreadful entanglements. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and particular of created beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hastened away to welcome the new-comers, "well, wonders never cease! Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it's all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia; dear me, what a curious mixture is our American society; how they will be shocked to see Miss Teller!"

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not the kind of astonishment that was on the program.

"Miss Grace! You here? Why when did you come from Factoryville?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall with some surprise.

"Quite well, in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, turning pale, and sinking upon a divan.

"Why they say the heiress of the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country."

"Grace," said Frank gravely, and almost sternly, "what does this mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't."

"My little deceiver! But why did you not tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank. It was no nice to leave the heiress behind and be plain Grace Teller, and when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved to maintain my ingoghito. Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to the calico factory?"

And poor Mrs Seymour for once in her life was at a loss for an answer.

Receipts.

A receipt is a written acknowledgement of the payment of a debt. All business men preserve receipts carefully, that they may be able to show payment, if by any chance, a bill is presented a second time.

A receipt in full will prevent a suit for the recovery of all debts exeept those by account; but a receipt for the payment of an account is not valid, unless the whole amount of the debt is paid. If, by agreement, a part only is paid, and a receipt in full is given, the creditor must sue for the balance that remains unpaid. The receipt, so given, is valid only for the amount actually paid.

This rule of law dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is a just rule; for every man who can ought to pay his debts in full. Some exceptions, however, are made where, from the circumstances of the case, it is just to modify it.

A receipt in full of an account, of which the amount is unsettled, is binding, though the debt proves larger than was expected. Disputed accounts may be settled by part payment, for the law says that the amount so paid was all that was actually due.

Part payment of a debtor will release the debtor, if he takes a receipt in full, for this rule applys only to accounts.

When a creditor receives a partial payment from a friend or relation of the debtor, a receipt in full will be binding upon him. If he takes goods or merchandise for a part of the debt, and give a receipt in full, he cannot sue for the remainder; for the law says that he took the goods on speculation and must stand to his bargain.

When a creditor takes a note for a part of his bill, and gives a receipt for the whole, he can only recover the amount of the note. Also, part payment made before the account is due, or in some place other than that in which it should be paid, will cancel the debt, if a receipt in full is given. It was a favor to the creditor to pay him at that time or place, and his receipt is binding.

If a man is unable to pay his debts in full, and his creditors agree to take a part in place of the whole, they are bound by their receipts. The law favors compromises of this nature, since they prevent law-suits.

Although this rule sometimes bears hardly on honest men, who are trying to pay their debts, it is the best that can be devised, as it reaches all classes of men both the honest and the dishonest.

When a seal is placed upon a receipt the creditor is not allowed to claim that only part of the debt was paid. The law regards the seal as decisive evidence that the whole debt for which the receipt was given was paid.

In the case of receipts there is a curiosity of the law. It is well established that, when a written contract is produced in court, it cannot be altered in any way by evidence by word of mouth. It must stand or fall by itself. One would think that a receipt would be governed by this rule, inasmuch as it acknowledges in writing the full payment of a debt. This being the case, how can a creditor come into court and show, by oral evidence, that though the receipt acknowledges full payment, only a portion of the bill was really paid? To avoid this difficulty, the law creates what is called a legal fiction. It declares that the receipt is not, in itself, a contract, though it has most of the elements of one. It is merely evidence of an oral contract, by which the creditor agreed to take a portion of the debt and release the debtor. Therefore oral evidence of the extent of the payment may be admitted, for though a written contract cannot be altered by oral evidence, yet the meaning of written evidence, may be altered by oral evidence.

Attendance At Meals.

There is a great difference in different households in the promptness and regularity with which the family get to meals when they are announced and the members invited to sit down. In well regulated housholds all the members come promptly and take their places at the table, and all eat at once; in other houses the members of the family are not prompt and keep coming one after another, each sitting down and beginning the meal on his or her own notion. There are families too where the members may be called several times before they will come, and thus keep the table waiting and the matron in suspense. This is all wrong. When meals are announced every one who is expected to sit down to the table should do so promptly, each in his own place, and all eat and get through at once or as nearly so as is compatible with comfort. It is of course unseemly and ill-bred to rush to the table in the family as if the first one down were to have a choice of the food and the lion's share of it. Such conduct is vulgar; but a prompt and ready attendance at the table when called is the correct thing, and the meal time should be made the occasion of a pleasant, social time in which all may join.

An Illinois girl's shoe was carried away during a recent cyclone. We don't wonder Western people are building storm cellars.

A Frog Ranch.

One morning, beneath Californian skies, in the valley of the Pajaro river, when spring had just begun to wake up and yawn, I had a train of thoughts, says a writer: I was standing near a small pond. It was a beautiful little sheet of water and about forty feet across. How calm! No billows shoreward careered. No breakers, with wild gray locks, perished on its beach. It was a restful poem; a peaceful picture, done in reeds, unfolding lilies, placid water and bullfrogs. I stood still for some time, allowing the scene to soak into me until I was oozing with landscape. So still was I, and so long, that a bullfrog, concluding from the dense, voluminous science which prevailed, that I was dead, began to warble a sweet lay.

The trills of this gentle voice set me thinking. Why would not this pond be a good place to establish a froggery? There were, and are, a good many Frenchmen in California. They not only eat frogs, but have taught other people to eat them. Now if I could start a frog ranch and conduct it successfully my fortune was assured, and I could give up working at odd jobs and sleeping in hay-stacks, and could marry and settle down and raise children and frogs, and educate them—the children, I mean.

Plans for procuring stock-frogs for stocking the pond were considered. There were only a few in it. I had never run a frog dairy, and did not know hardly whether to stock my frog range with yearlings, two-year olds, or octogenarians, but felt, as my enthusiasm grew apace and my blood warmed with the project, that I could make a success of it. I could see my ranch under way and prosperous; could discern myself driving my first herd of beef-frogs to market, assisted by a staff of cow-boys elaborately fringed with six-shooters, or rather frog-boys. I could even, in the not very far future, see that by force of circumstances and frogs I would become a great frog merchant, with a reputation as wide-spread as an old slipper that has gradually adapted itself to the size of the foot. I would be known and respected all over our broad land as the great frog-king. And in my canning business "Melone's bullfrogs" would be a brand so popular that all other brands would be considered by the public as mere toads. My trademark would be a jumping frog. Not one making an ordinary jump, as if he was going, in a time of profound peace, to call on a neighbor, but one jumping as if his life depended upon it, and as if a snake was after him.

I went to work. Frogs were captured wherever they could be found and placed in the pond. I chased them for days, plunging into streams and other ponds. The bullfrog is not a high-land animal; he eschews hills, nor climbs mountains. I selected the largest I could find; some of them were magnificent fellows. I was indefatigable—wet, too, most of the time.

The neighbors asked me what I was up to; had I gone crazy? I unfolded my plans to them. Various observations were made as to the feasibility of the undertaking. One fellow said:

"Why don't you get some toadstools?"

"What do I want with toadstools?"

"For the frogs to sit on, of course. You don't expect them to stand up all the time, do you?"

"I thought perhaps I had better look around for some toadstools, and said as much to the fellow. This appeared to satisfy him; he looked pleased as he walked off.

Seventy-one frogs were caught and placed in the pond. Some of these I sneaked up on while they were dreaming, others were overcome by main strength, but I lassoed most of them. This about cleaned up all the large ones in that neighborhood, and I quit at that. Between the hot chase and cold water, I had contracted a dreadful cold, anyway. I could have coughed in concert with my frogs, but they didn't. They declined. Seventy-one frogs with those that were originally in the pond made eighty-eight. I calculated that there were originally seventeen in the pond; all very fine ones, too. This estimate was reached by distinguishing voices in frog opera. I have a finely cultivated, flourishing ear.

I rested from my labors and nursed my cold, until it was a vigorous adult cold. The world moved on a month or two, and I watched the pond, and listened to the mighty concerts had there, attending both the matinee and evening performances. One great green-throated fellow, whom I expeted to drive to market during the summer, wielded the baton. He was the biggest frog in the puddle. He wore no dress coat; just had on a comfortable, close-fitting suit of warts. But as time wore on, I noticed no eggs, no tadpoles, no little frogs or froglets, no frog-calves or calf-frogs. I couldn't understand this.

One day I met a Frenchman hunting frogs. I took him to my pond to show him what I was endeavoring to do for his race; and told him, among other things, that I saw no indications of an increase in my herd, and didn't think I would brand many young frogs that season. Being a froggist himself, he immediately took an interest in my plans, and expressed surprise that there was no harvest ripening. For some minutes he appeared to be pondering over this lack of increase. Suddenly he asked me to retire with him from the pond. We withdrew some fifty yards from the rim of the ranch. He commanded silence, which was unnecessary, as I was watching him with a profound, trembling silence. Soon after we withdrew the frogs burst forth in the "Charge of Balaklava," making the noise about twice the size of the charge. They had been silent while we were near the pond. The bull-frog is a modest prima donna The Frenchman was listening intently; was straining every muscle of hise ars. The blood rushed to his ears with the strain. He exclaimed:

"Dey is all gentlemen frogs; all roostaires!"

"Roosters?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Then you think as my flock is now there will be no baby frogs, or chicks hatched?"

"Nevaire, no goslings."

And it was explained to me by this bull-frogologist that if I expected my business to wax, spread and overshadow the land, I would have to place "de boolfrog wife" in the pond. And that I could distinguish the belle frogs from the bullfrogs by their delicately attuned voices, more graceful figures, tapering waists and coquettish airs.

I went to work again, and caught and placed in the pond ninety-seven frogs of coquettish airs and finiken manners.

It was too late in the season to expect a crop, and I bought no harvesting machinery.

The summer with its joys and sorrows, passed away. Autumn, with its variegated foliage and gorgeous cider, followed, treading on the hot heels of summer. Winter, with its rain, came. I was biding my time and counting the profits of my next year's crop. Time limped on. As winter and the succeeding spring were, like two barnyard ganders, struggling for the mastery, and the long-frozen music in the throats of my frogs was beginning to thaw out into sweet strains, a great rain-storm came. A little tributary of the Pajaro, running near my frog-hennery, became swollen and the pond swelled. Their waters came within a yard of meeting. One by one the roses fade, swig by swig the jug goes dry, inch by inch the beefsteak disappears, and one by one my frogs jumped from the pond over that three feet of ground into the stream. They had all become trade-marks. Not one lingered; the belle frogs eloped with the bullfrogs, and my hoarded wealth of a twelvemonth, which I had thought over in the stilly hours of the night as I pensively scratched in a few brief hours disappeared and went drifting toward the beautiful blue sea.

I didn't become a frog-king, but ever afterward in that vicinity was known as "the toad-hunter." Man should not set his heart on wealth, or try to reach it by short cuts or novel means. If he does he is liable to slip up. He should rather set his heart on being humble and being good to his fellow-man. In this way his heart will make no mistakes; will not lose its grip. There will be no difficulties to overcome; no one will oppose his being humble. He will find that everybody is willing for him, and will help him, to be humble, very humble.

A Celestial Banquet.

The guests are introduced to a roomful of elegantly dressed people (all men of course), who shake their own hands, clasped together in front, and bow themselves to the ground. The host presents his son, arrayed like himself in richest satin and brocade. The boy has been politely trained and prostrates at the feet of his father's guests, striking his forehead on the floor three times. The music now strikes up a perfect din and all are invited out to a great dining-hall, where there are numbers of square tables inlaid with pearl, around which the guests seat themselves. The host, with the most honorable guests, is at the head of the room, and the rank gradually recedes away from him. Now the fun begins in earnest. The two foreigners, fortunately or otherwise, are placed at the posts of honor, and, out of courtesy, are compelled to at least taste of every dish placed on the the table. Imagine partaking of such delicacies as shark's fins, and eggs which have been mellowing for a year. The Chinese regard these last in the same manner that we do our sherry and port.

Although the dishes are brought on and removed by servants, it is considered the polite thing for the host himself to serve the guests at his table, who in turn serve him and each other. This is done in an odd fashion: The server arises, takes his ivory chopsticks in hand, and, fishing out the daintiest part of some dish before him, hands it with care in the deep saucer or bowl before each guest. The most ludicrous part of this is that the person thus honored is expected to rise each time, murmur "Zia zia" (thank you), and subside again. When this is repeated six or eight times in five minutes it becomes very funny, then rather montonous, and at last exceedingly trying to the spinal column. The Doctor being fond of a joke, takes particular pains to be excessively polite to his companion, and the wavelike motion he keeps him constantly describing is most affecting. There are seventeen courses, in exactly the reversed order to which we are accustomed—sweetmeats, nuts and cakes coming first. A pudding, which ranks in their estimation as a plum-pudding to us, comes next, composed of water lily nuts, blue rice and a Chinese fruit called lichee. Soon after this appears varnished duck—a dish not many foreigners would relish. The fowl is first fried, smoked and then varnished over, this process making it good (?) for any length of time. Bird's nest and alligator soups make their appearance toward the close of the feast, and our suffiering friend, as he attempts to choke them down, decides they are as novel in their composition as in the cognomen. The finger bowls and doylies brought on when all have finished are quite unique, consisting of steaming hot bowls of water, out of which long linen cloths are wrung and passed at each table for the convenience of the guests.

Paris Advertising.

They are learning how to advertise in Paris. A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter. A fashionably dressed young man walked into a well-known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table To him came a person who from his conversation, proved to be a tailor, and who accused him in warm words of being ungrateful, stating that he had dressed him on credit for five years. The young fellow fired up and declared himself insulted. A crowd gathered and eager ears listened to the high words. Finally to convince his quondam tailor that another house was cheaper and better, the late client pulled out the bill for the garments he wore. The name, price, address, etc., were read aloud and the open-mouthed crowd drank it in The enterprising tailor who got up this little drama found his profits.

Life In a Far Away Place.

Far up that ancient river Halys, on either side, is many a village where almost every house has a man at work at work in Constantinople, for the farming of these villages is just about as ancient as the river, and needs outside help to hold its own year by year. And as there is no bank in Anatolia and no system of postal notes, sometimes from 5 to 10 per cent. of the hamal's earnings is consumed by the sharp politzadji for transferring the remainder from Constantinople to the old home.

These Armenian women and girls, which they left behind them, are usually robust, as well as the men. Indeed, any one born there with frail constitution dies before long running this gauntlet of infantile disease and exposure; so that only the strong are left. And the two-pence worth a day on which they live, of coarse bread and curds, or hulled wheat and simple soups, helps to develop beautiful teeth and bones, good digestion and iron muscles. Some years ago an American doctor practicing in Sivas, told me it was not at all uncommon for a village woman to take her child, one or two days old, on her back and walk three miles to town to inquire of him if everything was all right with them. But when the doctor asked one of them, "Why don't you learn how to read?" she answered with that peculiar shrug of her magnificent shoulder, "Ugh! You get out. What can a cow learn?" And some of them are about as awkward in handling a needle, too, as a cow would be.

When a hamal, or custom-house porter, returns after years at Stamboul, he naturally brings with him new ideas. I know one who presented his wife with a full set of civilized spoons, knives and forks; but she promptly traded them off and turned again to rely solely on the great wooden spoon of her ancients and on fingers. Another steadily refused to sell his daughter till the villagers made him pay $75 for a girl his boy wanted. Others discourse learnedly on custom-house tricks and on the different European linguas. Some of them are quite eager for the mental improvement of their women and children. I visited a small village near Sivas, which has a good school for both sexes, supported entirely by the interest on money contributed by the citizens working in Stamboul. Some time ago, strolling into an Armenian village church, I took a secluded corner, and heard sentiments in the address of the Bishop there which ten years ago would have been considered rank heresy, worthy only an American missionary. Among other excellent things the Bishop said: "Educate every one of your girls, and simplify your weddings. Here's one of our young men with elastic step and beaming face. He has a future of vast possibilities. Rumors of a wedding rise. That young man goes to town. At eve he returns, walking heavily. You look into his face. It's no face at all. 'What's the matter, man? Got a toothache? Your girl dead?' 'O, nothing, nothing,' he says, but I know he has to-day run 6,000 piastras ($240) into debt for the extragances of one of our village weddings. A few months later for that debt he goes to Constantinople to be a slave for years, and leaves his young wife to be another here. Beloved, by your own voluntary slavery to evil custom we are becoming poorer and fewer every year in this progressive century."

Ballooning Possibilities.

"Will electricity ever help us to navigate the air?"

"Yes when we can get five or six times more power per pound of weight than we now get from the best forms of small engines. Electricity has not done that yet. Here is the problem," tapping his knee stoutly with his fist. "We want to get electricity from coal direct without the intervention of boiler and engine. A good many people are at work on it, too, I tell you," said the famous inventor, Tom Edison, to-day.

"You are not?"

"Ah, I won't say, yet! I won't say even that there is any probability about it—we don't see our way at all to it; but I will say it is surely possible. Zinc and other metals we can get into electricity at once; but the trouble is to do that with coal and carbon. If we could, we could get six-horse power from one pound of coal, while with the boiler and steam-engine we get only one-horse power from three pounds of coal. We can't transmit directly the power of carbon. If we could the ocean steamship could have all of her boiler-room and a great part of her coal-bunkers for cargo, while the motive power would not occupy more than half the room at present devoted to the heavy engines. Enormous sums would be saved on construction, and the cost of running would be greatly reduced."

"Cannot you get power enough by chemical electricity to run electric engines?"

"Certainly—get all we want and utilize it." "Only?"

"Only we can't feed our engines with money. In fact, it is money we want, and for that we want the power. Zinc is just as much a combustable in the battery or jar as coal is in the furnace, But coal develops seven times as much power as zinc, and zinc costs thirty-five times as much as coal, a difference in cost per pound of 245 to 1, or 24,500 per cent.

"But about the balloon?"

"Well, having lightness with power, we should only need enough balloon for actual lifting power, and we would attain a very high velocity. You could hold a ten-horse moter out in your hand, and one in the air, with five pounds of coal, could the consumption be direct, the little jigger could go anywhere. Nobody would want to ascend to great heights where the air's resistance to the propeller to decrease, but skim along over the trees and houses like a bird above the water. The rudders could all be worked, and your ballastless balloon could be raised or lowered, turned to the right or left, by the moter itself, and a boy could do all the work. Such an arrangement could scarcely do for heavy freight, but it could carry passengers and mail matter and express parcels, and move readily at 80 to 100 miles an hour. If we can solve the power question we can do anything.

PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men Who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who, from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Colonel E. S. Densmore, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pendel, and they have occupied their present positions through the various administrations since and even during the war. Mr. Pendel was President Lincoln's body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theatre, and he has now in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and who is not known by, these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of social and public life which they can recount would fill a congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of the war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that long, hot, and never-to-be-forgotten summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their posts for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Densmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendous effort. All that summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was uncertain and I felt severe pains in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with strict instructions not to go out of the house, but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off, too?"

"I should think he was. Why, time and again we have picked him up and laid him on the mantel, here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not rise after lying down without help, and could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stooping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?."

"I think we have a most certain way," replied Col. Densmore, "but it is no secret. You see, about two years ago my wife began to grow blind, and I was alarmed at her condition. She finally became so she could not tell whether a person were white or black at a distance of ten feet. One of her lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration and as soon as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates and we have all been cured right here in the stronghold of malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicines in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys before this had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pendel, "I use it in my family all the while and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day" said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physicians told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences you cannot wonder that I consider this the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions from sources which are the highest in the land. Were there the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable truths for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

A NEW CORN PUDDING.—Take one dozen ears of tender corn, choosing ears that are nearly of the same size and those of medium size; grate them; then add one quart of sweet milk, in which you have stirred till free from lumps three tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, or a piece as large as an egg will do; four eggs, whites and yolks beaten together, with pepper and salt to your taste, are all the ingredients called for; butter a large earthen pudding dish, and bake this mixture for one hour; this will be long enough if the oven is hot when the dish is put in. This may be served with meat and potatoes as a vegetable, though with the addition of sugar and with a rich sauce it takes the place of a pudding, or it may be eaten plain as a relish for tea.

ORANGEADE.—Squeeze out the juice of the oranges, pour boiling water on a little of the peel and cover close. Boil water and sugar to a thin sirup and skim it. When all are cold mix the juice, the infusion and the sirup with as much water as will make it suit the taste; strain through a jelly bag.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—Slice the potatoes on a slaw cutter, very thin. Let them stand for a half hour or so in salt water, then drain them on a sieve. Fry quickly in hot lard.

WHEN a certain San Francisco lady, who has made a wide Eastern reputation as a writer, visited Japan some years ago, she was entertained by one of the leading Americans of Tokio. Everything in the house was artistic, and the rarest curios, the most elaborate porcelain ware, the finest Japanese art productions, covered the tables and filled the rooms. The San Francisco visitor was much interested in all this, and was paticularly admiring the dinner-service, which was of a very unique pattern. After dinner the host took her aside:

"Don't tell my wife, but I'd give $4 to eat off a white plate."

We Should Help One Another.

Mr. Norman Hunt, of No. 169 Chestnut street, Springfield, Mass., writes April 10, 1883, saying:

"Having the affliction caused by kidney and liver diseases, and after enduring the aches, pains, weakness and depression incident thereto until body and soul were nearly distracted, I sought for relief and a cure from my trouble, and was told by a friend who had been cured by it himself, that the best and only sure cure was Hunt's Remedy, and upon his recommendation I commenced taking it, and the first few doses improved my condition in a very marked manner, and a continuance of its use has justified all that my friends claimed for it—that it was a sure and permanent cure for all diseases of the kidneys and liver. Several of my friends in Springfield have used it with the most gratifying results, and I feel it my duty as well as a pleasure to recommend Hunt's Remedy in the highest possible terms."

Manufacturer's Testimony.

Mr. H. W. Payne, manufacturer of harness, saddlery, trunks, valises, etc., No. 477 Main street, Springfield, Mass., writes us under date of April 10, 1883:

"Gentlemen—I have used Hunt's Remedy, the best medicine for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, and have received great benefit to my health from its use, and I find that it will do just what is claimed for it; it will cure disease and restore health. I therefore pronounce it the best medicines that I have ever used."

Boston and Albany Railroad.

Albert Holt, Esq., paymaster Boston and Albany railroad, at Springfield, Mass., writes April 23, 1883: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do, if used according to directions."

YOUNG DOCTOR—"Yes, I have a patient at last, and I am in a terrible fix."

Sympathizing Friend—"Can't you understand his disease?"

"Oh, there is no trouble about that."

"Then where does the fix come in."

"You see, he is a notorious swindler, never pays a bill if he can help it, and besides, he has no property."

"Well?"

"Well, if I kill him, I can't get anything."

"Then don't do it."

"But if I cure him, he will get away."

THE little brother came quietly into the parlor where Mr. Featherly was making an evening call, and after looking eagerly around remarked to his sister:

"Aunt Jane is mistaken."

"What is it, sister asked pleasantly, patting the dear little fellow on the head, while Featherly gazed at the two in wrapt admiration.

"I don't see any cap," he replied, "but Aunt Jane just said that you were in the parlor setting your cap for Mr. Featherly."

A Common Act of Folly.

Committed by persons whose stomachs are disordered by the presence of bile, is to attempt to cause retching and thus to eject it. A wineglassful of two of that wholesome medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will tranquilize the digestive organ, and the Bitters' subsequent cathartic effect upon the bowels will render the relief complete. Nausea, fur upon the tongue, headache, yellowness of the skin, costiveness, pain in the region of the liver and through the right shoulder blade, are the well known *indicia* of liver complaint, and it is wise to disperse them with this searching remedy before they culminate in something worse. That ceaseless disturber of the stomach, indigestion, is also overcome by the Bitters, and it is a specific of acknowledged efficacy for fever and ague, bilious remittent and troubles of the kidneys and bladder. It is also highly beneficial in rheumatism, and infuses vigor into a system which requires building up. Reasonable pertistence in its use insures the end in view.

A DETROIT woman wants a divorce because her husband, she has discovered, lied to her before he married her. He told her that he owned a horse and wagon, and possessed neither. But he claims that he told her the truth, inasmuch as he owned a wood-horse and a dog, and the latter's tail had a wag-on.

ORANGE SALAD.—Peel and slice six large oranges and arrange them in a dessert dish, with powdered loaf sugar sprinkled over every layer; squeeze the juice of six oranges over all, and when ready to serve cover with powdered white sugar.

Years add to the faith of those cured of Heart Disease by use of Dr. Grave' Heart Regulator. For 30 years it has proved itself a specific. $1.

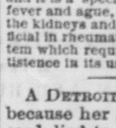
"Do you believe that a woman nowadays would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not?" answered the Benedict, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

THE man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" must have slept between sheets of water.

Hale's Honey
of
Horehound and Tar.



FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. *Dermeon Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.* etc.

"Is the General on the retired list?" they asked of his wife the other evening. "Retired! No, indeed!" she replied; "he's down to the club, playing poker."

"How anxious some men are to let every one know what they think," remarked the major. "True, very true," responded the colonel; "for example, see that placard out in front of that tailor's 'spring suits here.' Don't it suit everybody?" They separated at the corner in silence.

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangement brought on by impure blood when Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup, will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the best blood purifier ever discovered, curing serofula, syphilitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, nervous disorders, debility, bilious complaints and diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, skin, etc.

WHAT kind of sauce will you have with your steak?" asked the waiter of a dinner in a restaurant where the condiments were served with the orders. "If the steak is as tough as yesterday's send in a couple of circular saws."

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Recent tests of yarn made from different hemps gives the following relative strength: Manila, 245; Italian, 221; New Zealand, 148; Russian, 128.

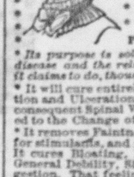
PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for **PILES.** Price $1. at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe cases, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

CATARRH ELY'S Cream Balm

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger.

HAY-FEVER Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale of druggists.*

SHARP PAINS Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Swollen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster.* Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is the best pain-killing, stimulating soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. *Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Co.*, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass. **HOP PLASTER**

Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and liver disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25 cts.

LIKE HIS FATHER,

He was Afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, also like Him, was Cured by the Use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. (of Rondout, N. Y.)

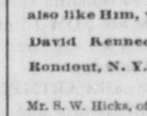
Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. The father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of **KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY**, which had worked so successfully in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried **FAVORITE REMEDY**. After two weeks' use of it he passed a stone three-quarters of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe-stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of the return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the **FAVORITE REMEDY** does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

AGENTS' HARVEST! LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES. The best and first book out. Do not delay. Secure your territory now. Four days after the candidates are nominated outfits will be ready for shipment. Canvassing outfits, fully representing the work, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50c. Send for Circulars. BAIRD & MITCHELL, 415 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

CRAZY PATCHWORK.—Elegantly assorted Silks, 50c. and $1 a package; sample, 10c. NEW YORK SILK & SUPPLY CO., 338 Broadway.

PATCHWORK—Embr'dered Patches, Birds, &c., Sample 25c. Cir'r free. U.S. Novelty Co., Salamanca N.Y.

100 Scrap pictures and 101 Album quotations, 10c., or 50 styles cards, 10c. Scrap Book Co., Nassau, N.Y.



LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, and all Blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: "It cured my son of Scrofula."—*J. B. Brooks, Pottsville, O.* "It cured my child of Erysipelas."—*Rev. F. Smeltzer, Larimers, Pa.* Price $1. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa. The genuine has our name on bottom of wrapper.

CINCINNATI CRIMINAL LAWYER.—"Yes, it is true. Since the riot some of us have awakened to the course to which we were tending, and I, for one, have become so conscience-stricken that I have turned over a new leaf and now am very particular what cases I take up."

Caller—"Yes, but I notice you are down for the defense of a dozen different men charged with murder."

"Oh, yes, of course. I can't retire from business, you know."

"But how then can you claim to have turned over a new leaf?"

"How? Can't you see? Before the riot I would defend anybody, no matter who. Now I am very particular."

"Particular? What about?"

"About the character of the prisoner."

"Oh!"

"Yes, I won't clear a murderer now unless he privately confesses to me that it was his first offense."

JONES—"You don't mean to say you have made all these improvements yourself. I thought you were only a tenant."

Smith—"I am."

Jones—"Well, if I were in your place I would send for the landlord and let him see the expense you have put on it."

Smith—"The landlord! Mercy! Don't let him know that I have improved his property."

Jones—"And why not?"

Smith—"He would raise the rent."

"I saw an unusual sight this morning," he said. "I was riding in a crowded street car, when a feeble old lady got in, and immediately a person arose and politely offered her the seat."

"Is it possible?" answered the reporter, taking out his note book, "Please give me the name of the gentleman."

"Oh, it wasn't a gentleman; it was a lady."

IMPERIAL DRINK.—Put half an ounce of cream of tartar, the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar into a jug of boiling water, and pour over it a quart of boiling water. Cover till cold

WAFLES.—Two eggs, one pint of flour, one and a quarter cupful of milk or cream, one even teaspoonful of yeast powder, butter or lard the size of a walnut, salt. Mix the baking powder and salt well in the flour, then rub in evenly the butter, and the beaten yolks and milk mixed, then the beaten whites of eggs. Bake immediately.

PEA SOUP.—Take a quart of shelled peas; boil the pods in a gallon of cold water until all the substance is boiled out of them; then skim them out and put two pounds of beef into the pot. After the meat is boiled to shreds skim the soup well, strain and return it to the pot; add the peas, with a little parsley, and let it simmer until the peas are quite tender; season with pepper and salt; thicken with a little butter and flour let it boil up once and serve.

TO MAKE DELICIOUS COCOANUT COOKIES.—Use one cup and a half of sugar, about one cup of butter—a little less will answer—two eggs; one cup of grated cocoanut, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll as you do common cookies, using as little flour as possible on the kneading-board. Bake in a quick oven.

Oh, Boys.

—"Our young men are coming to the front" cries a political journal. It does not look that way at the theatre—just as many bald heads in the front rows as ever. The remedy use Carboline.

SHAKESPEARE has been dead just two hundred and sixty-eight years. Had it not been for the sweet singer of Michigan, how sadly the world would have missed him!

DESERVING OF CONFIDENCE.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

AN Illinois girl's shoe was carried away during a recent cyclone. We don't wonder Western people are building storm cellars.

"I have taken one bottle of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease and find it all I could desire.—A. A. Holbrook, Worcester, Mass."

WHICH is your most valuable column, Mr. Spicer?" asked a wearisome caller. "My spinal column," said Seth; "Why?"

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

A POET has written some verses to "The First Spring Bird." It is safe to wager that the bird in question was not a spring chicken. Such a bird is not calculated to inspire a poet—except to indulge in profanity.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-paiba." $1.

DRUG clerk, to diffident young lady—"Wish to get something?" Young lady, muttering—"I really believe I've forgotten what I came for," Clerk, who catches the last words—"Camphor; how much, please?"

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

IF you do not have carpet on your kitchen, make a few large, thick rugs. They can be shaken often, and will make warm places on which to stand, or tit at your work.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

PULLETS for next winter's laying should be hatched now. The earlier they are hatched the sooner they will begin to lay.

SUCCOTASH.—Shave off your corn two or three times, so that it will be cut up in small pieces. Put corn and lima beans on and stew them well together, adding a little water and a slice of bacon. When done add a little milk, a small lump of butter, one tablespoon of flour and salt and pepper to the taste.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Take four spoonfuls of ground mustard, one spoonful of fine salt, one of granulatd sugar, and six spoonfuls of sharp vinegar; mix thoroughly and beat smooth, and you will have a toothsome preparation to give relish to cold or hot meats, hash or anything you choose to spread it on.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ENQUIRER.—You want to know how to clean kids. We have had no experience, but should advise washing them. You had, however, better inquire of some mother. To make a pickle, say something mean about the girl across the street.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 *Power's Block Rochester N. Y.*

A TEXAS editor had a very narrow escape last week. He published a society note in which "P. G. T." appeared after a lady's name. He only saved himself being punched full of bullet holes by exclaiming that it meant "Prettiest Girl in Texas." The editor wears new slippers now.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER CURE

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines had totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for many years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy stakes his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

For sale by all druggists, or write to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

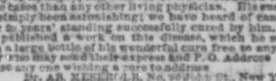
WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Epileptics, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.



It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C.K. Orittenton, N.Y.

Card Collectors Handsome new set cards four 1c stamps A. G. Bassett, Rochester, N. Y.

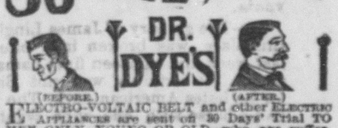
Number Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1139 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

AGENTS WANTED to sell our XXX Blended Tea. Gold Band Chips Cup and Saucer given with each pound. Price 60c. Dealers send for particulars. Jas. R. Clark, 288 Greenwich St., N. Y.

21 369

30 DAYS' TRIAL



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

FITS A leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. *From Am. Journal of Medicine.* Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, M.D., No. 96 John St., New York.

GAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 15 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. B. Goodwin, *Ed. Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. TaEmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. H. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

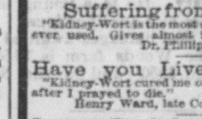
Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently* cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. G. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Eldridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it."
Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.



BEST TRUSS EVER USED.
Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the
N. Y. ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 744 Broadway, New York.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer. Under his treatment ease is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for circular. Main office, 831 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every Saturday; Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 8th and 9th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 8th and 9th of each month.

Phoenix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts

MUSTANG
Survival of the Fittest.
A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED MILLIONS DURING 35 YEARS!
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.
A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND OF MAN AND BEAST!
THE OLDEST & BEST LINIMENT
EVER MADE IN AMERICA.
SALES LARGER THAN EVER.
The Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known for more than thirty-five years as the best of all Liniments, for Man and Beast. Its sales to-day are larger than ever. It cures when all others fail, and penetrates skin, tendon and muscle, to the very bone. Sold every where.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 4, '84.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

G. R. SPIGELMYER AND C. A. KRAPE, of the "SUPPLY DEPOT," SPRING MILLS, PA.,

SAMUEL W. WAIT AND JOHN W. RUNKLE, of the "FAIR,"

INVITE YOUR ATTENTION TO THE CHOICE LINE OF SUMMER GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

TO OUR "REPORTER" READERS:

Our stock of Fans, Parasols, (including the Drown seamless,) White Goods all over Embroideries, and Lace far excell in Style and Price.

In Lace Curtains and Curtain Poles we lead all—Portierres and Turkens Cross-stripes. Please call when in town, we are positive you will go away pleased.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, May,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

Black walnut curtain poles at 65 cents at the Bee Hive.

—New styles hats and gents' furnishing goods at the Bee Hive.

——Mr. and Mrs. Platt, of Far. Mills, called in to see how papers are printed.

——Always be prepared for a better world when you are around a gun that you think ain't loaded.

——J. B. Solt has opened the lightning rod campaign.

—— Mr. Fulton, an aged citizen of Far. Mills, died last week, agèd 84.

——Last Wednesday night's frost did much damage to garden vegetables in the Loop and about Potters Mills.

——The Garman House, at Bellefonte, is now conducted by the sons of the late proprietor. This hotel has always been a popular one, and Corn and Allan will make it more so.

——Last Wednesday night, 28, it got quite cool, and there were sharp frosts in some localities. Next day, Thursday, was cold enough to require an overcoat in traveling.

——S. K. Foust's announcement for Sheriff appears this week—rec'd too late for last week. He is one of the active Democrats of Miles.

Mrs. Daniel Walker and Mrs. Zeigler, of Brushvalley, died last week.

——Major Isaac Stover, of Aaronsburg, well known in that section, died suddenly on Thursday of last week.

——A new steam saw mill has been put on the Kerlin timber tract, at Tussey mountain.

——A heavy thunder shower, accompanied by hail, passed over this section Sunday afternoon.

——Rev. George Diven, pastor of the Boalsburg Lutheran charge, has resigned, but we did not hear where he intends going.

——Mr. Grenoble has sold the Spring Mills house to the present popular landlord, Mr. Bibby, who will no doubt go to still greater pains to make it one of the best summer resorts in central Pennsylvania.

——The granary of James Lingle, near this place, was broken into one night last week and eighteen fine hams were stolen. It certainly was not Bismark, for he hates American pork. The fellows had a horse with one shoe wanting by which the course of the thieves was tracked a piece ways, but no discovery followed the search made.

——Two sons of Noah Stover, of Millheim, while innocently handling a pistol in one of the upper rooms of the house on Saturday—(a pistol not loaded of course)—the thing accidentally went off, sending a ball into the fleshy part of the leg, above the knee, of the one boy.

——Mr. John Coldren, of Gregg, called upon us. He is one of the most esteemed citizens of that section, and a good Democrat. His announcement for Sheriff will be found in the "Reporter."

In every thing we lead—Garmans, Bush Arcade.

Fans and parasols—Garmans.

Base ball and bicycle belts—Garmans.

——Spring Mills has a new firm—Grenoble & Bartholmew—at the old Grenoble stand. Mr. B. has been the chief clerk of Grenoble's store for many years, and has gained many friends by his gentlemanly and obliging conduct. Success to the new firm.

——Stover, of the Bellefonte Marble Works, is doing a large business. Orders come in for monuments and tombstones from all parts of the county. His work renders the most complete satisfaction and is admired by all for its elegance. His charges so very moderate, compared with prices elsewhere, that customers find it quite an item in saving money by ordering tombstones from Mr. Stover.

☞It is a well known fact.—In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known Dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c at all druggists. They are a great success. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Curtain and curtain poles—Garmans.

Rug fringes—Garmans.

In embroideries and white goods our assortment is complete—Garmans.

The telephone line is now finished to Lewistown.

—Irish point and Oriental lacer, just received, at the Bee Hive.

PENN'A STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—Sunday, June 22: 3 o'clock p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon, by the Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward, D. D., Editor of the New York "Independent."

Monday, June 23: 8 o'clock p. m., Annual address before the Y. M. C. A. by Rev. M. N. Cornelius, of Altoona.

Tuesday, June 24: 10 a. m., examination of candidates for admission to College; 3:30 o'clock p. m. Washington Reunion Association, address by Col. D. H. Hastings, of Bellefonte; 8 o'clock p. m., annual address before the Alumni, by the Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia "Press."

Wednesday, June 25: 9 o'clock a. m., artillery Salute; 10; o'clock a. m, annual meeting of Trustees; 12 o'clock, noon, Alumni dinner; 2 o'clock p. m., meeting (in the Chapel) of delegates and Alumni to elect Trustees; 4 o'clock p. m., reunion of the Cresson society; 8 o'clock p. m., Junior oration contest.

Thursday, June 26: 9:30 o'clock a. m., graduating exercises of the Class of '84; commencement address, by the Hon. John M. Gregory, U. S. Civil Service Commissioner, and ex-President of Illinois Industrial University; 8 o'clock p. m., President's reception.

——The Linden Hall Band, Prof. Ph. Meyer, leader, livened up the home of the editor with some choice music, last Friday night, in a manner that is hard to excel by any band around. Linden Hall can feel proud of its band—the members are all young men of excellent character, whom we will be glad to see and hear play often.

— An immense stock of ready-made clothing for summer wear, is now on hand at the Philad. Branch. It is a truly fine lot, and embraces every style and quality of goods. Anything to suit men and boys, and at lower prices than you can purchase for elsewhere. You can get a complete outfit at from $5 to $15 less than you would have to pay for the same elsewhere.

——On Sunday afternoon lightning struck the house occupied by Samuel Kreamer, on the Henny farm, east of the Fort. Some of the weather boarding and inside plastering were shattered.

——The name of J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is announced in this issue for associate judge. Being a gentleman of no little legal knowledge, he would make a good judge.

——Mr. John A. Kline, living on the farm of the editor, above this place, lost a valuable horse from lung fever a few days ago. This is the second horse he loses inside of 3 months.

——Joseph L. Neff, one of the hard-working Democrats of Boggs, announces himself as a candidate for Sheriff in this issue.

Carpets and window shades—Garmans.

Felts and plushes—Garmans

—We expect, of course, that D. Hess, et al, will get up a big railroad pic-nic some where in the neighborhood of Linden Hall, and have some of us fellows down this way invited up, when the road reaches that section. We will have a good time, sure—eat, drink and be merry, for now we are to have the railroad. Only don't be on the road-bed up there, along the fourth of July, else you'll be run over by the kyare, sure.

——The financial troubles and smash ups among the speculators do not interfere with the sale of ready-made clothing, at low prices, at the Philadelphia Branch. There will be no trouble to have a nice suit for a little money, if you go to Lewins & Co.

——Grain, grass, vegetables, fruit, etc., all promise an abundant crop.

——Mrs. Willow, of this place, supplies fresh bread several days in the week to all wanting it.

——A gang of Italian railroad hands have housed themselves in a small house, at the upper end of town. Thus far they are well-behaved.

Gauze underwear, in great variety—Garmans.

Cheapest, first class store—Garmans.

We beat all in prices—Garmans.

We lead, never follow—Garmans.

——Mr. John Gingerich, formerly of this place, is erecting a new house at Coburn. He has opened an ice-cream saloon and will supply any parties with the best ice cream upon short notice.

——Mr. L. A. Shafer, late of Walker, is announced in this issue as a candidate for Prothonotary. He is a young man of fine character and qualifications.

——The railroad damages awarded by the jury on the Woods farm is $150—amount claimed, $250—and on the Nofsker farm $27.

100 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will offer for sale 100 choice town lots, near the railroad, at Centre Hall. These lots will be sold at very low figures. For further particulars and plan of lots apply to J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. JOHN HOFFER,
2apr3m Bellefonte, Pa.

LOOK HERE!

Have on hand and offer for sale, at FARMERS MILLS,

Choice Western Corn.
Mixed Chop.
Family Flour.
30ap6t J. B. FISHER.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

Having employed an experienced wood-worker I am now prepared to do all kinds of wood-work as well as painting and trimming, on short notice, and at prices to suit the times.
14may4t J. T. LEE.

WASHBURN & HUNTING'S UNITED SHOWS.

The great shows of L. W. Washburn & Robert Hunting having been consolidated for this season, thus making one of the largest and grandest shows in America, as their shows before united were two of the leading shows of America. This great consolidation will be in Centre Hall, Wednesday, June 11. The menagerie contains numerous cages of rare animals. The great black Elephant being a great feature which is by far a greater curiosity than a white elephant.

The Museum contains many curiosities, and Sergt. John Mason, the would-be slayer of the assasin of our martyred President, Garfield, will hold receptions in this tent. In the circus, although large enough for three rings contains but one, as a person can only look at one ring at a time. In this large ring will be seen the best performance ever given by any show. Among the performers are M. Robert Whittaker, the champion bare-back rider of the world, who was with Forpaugh last year. Also the daring equestrienne, Miss Lizzie Keys. The Huntings, Robert and Clarice, the finest trapese performers in the world. Roemer and Lurouk, Barnum's $5,000 challenge horizontal bar performers, and fifty other performers the best in the circus profession. In speaking of this show, the "Keystone Courier," of Connellsville, Pa., says:

"Nearly two thousand people were agreeably surprised last Friday, by the performance of the Washburn & Hunting circus. The circus performance was the best ever seen in this city, and we have had Forpaugh and Barnum. Roemer and Lurouk came in for the greatest applause, they being the favorites. We wish Messrs. Washburn & Hunting success, as they deserve it."

Don't forget the date, Wednesday, June 11. Grand street parade at 11 o'clock on day of show. Usual price for admission.

Tim Garner, of Dublin, Ind., went with most of his family to visit a neighbor, leaving at home a fifteen year old daughter and a very savage dog to defend her. During the family's absence three tramps came to the house. Two stood guard while the third went in and seized the girl. Her screams aroused the dog, which rushed into the house and sprang upon the fellow. The other tramps came to his aid, and a battle between the four-footed guardian and the tramps was waged in the house and yard, in which the men got the worst of it, and were unable to get away before neighbors, attracted by the noise, came up and caught the villains.

DROWNED BY A BURSTING CLOUD.

Denver, June 1.—By the flood caused by a cloud burst on Frenchmen creek on Thursday, eleven cowboys were drowned. The water carried away everything in its path, men, horses, wagons, etc.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages,

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

A terrible affair happened at the Lexington, Ky., fair grounds. A trainer named Kimball had in hand a stallion, and whipped him so severely that the horse threw him, turned on him furiously and attempted to crush him by kneeling on him. Missing the mark with his knee, the animal began tearing the prostrate trainer with his teeth, and when driven off by the shouts and gestures of a negro boy, returned to the attack, and before Kimball was released a wrist and leg were broken and the flesh was torn from his breast and shoulder.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS, TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF **Cloths and Cashimeres.**

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap!

GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Appeals will be held for the several Townships and Boroughs in the Commissioners' Office, Bellefonte, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., as follows:

Monday, June 2—for the townships of Rush, Taylor, Worth, Huston, Union and the boroughs of Philipsburg, Unionville and Milesburg.

Tuesday, June 3—for the townships of Burnside, Snow Shoe, Boggs, Howard, Curtin, Liberty, Marion, Walker and the borough of Howard.

Wednesday, June 4—for the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg, Potter and the borough of Millheim.

Thursday, June 5—for the townships of Harris, College, Ferguson, Half Moon, Patton, Benner, Spring and the borough of Bellefonte.

Rate: 4 mills for county purposes.

Assessors with their transcripts are requested to be present on the day of Appeal for their townships.

JOHN WOLF,
H. C. CAMPBELL,
A. J. GREIST,
Commissioners.

WILLIS WALKER, Clerk.

COMING IN ALL ITS GRANDEUR!

CENTRE HALL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11.

WASHBURN & HUNTING'S CIRCUS, MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE!

4 WONDERFUL SHOWS. 4. UNDER THREE MONSTROUS TENTS.

The most complete and best organized show on the Continent.

A Few Features of WASHBURN AND HUNTING'S GREAT SHOW:

A GRAND MENAGERIE

Which is replete with rare Living Curiosities.

A ZOOLOGICAL WORLD IN CAPTIVITY.

MERRY MIRTH MAKING MONKEYS, BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL BIRDS, ETC.

SEARGEANT JOHN MASON,

who attempted the life of Guiteau, the assassin of President James A. Garfield.

"I am on my way to Betty and the Baby."

THREE Great Clowns, American, Irish and German.

Strong Men and Strong Women, Male and Female Bare-back Riding, Champion Bicycle Riding.

BRILLIANT SKATORIAL TRIUMPHS.

Gladiatorial Contests, Athletic, Gymnastic and Acrobatic Exercises, Double Horizontal Bar and Wonderful Feats in Mid-Air, Double Sumersaults, Extraordinary Leaping over Elephants, and Educated Dumb Beasts of Many Kinds.

TWO FINE BANDS OF MUSIC.

THREE HOURS OF MIRTH AND AMUSEMENT.

Remember the Grand Street Parade.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY.

DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 7 P. M. PERFORMANCES 1 HOUR LATER.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS to all advertised shows.

CHILDREN, 25 Cents.

Will also exhibit at Bellefonte, June 10, and at Millheim, June 12.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Incorporated in 1848.
Assets, $3,000,000; Surplus, $1,050,000.
$1000 Bonds sold on yearly instalments. These bonds are payable to the holder at the expiration of 20 years or at previous death, or a stipulated amount payable in cash at the end of any year after the first, on their surrender. For circulars call on or address
R. M. MCENALLY, Special Agent,
Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.,
—Chartered in 1835.—
Assets, December 31, 1883—$16,001,943.00
Surplus, " " " — 3,456,933.00
Policies non-forfeitable Dividends annually, commencing with second annual payment. An endorsement of the Cash Value and Paid-up insurance for every year, made on each policy. Every life Policy becomes an endowment at a fixed age, without change of premium. MARSTON & WAKELIN, General Agents 133 S. 4th St. Philad.
R. M. MCENALLY, Special Agent,
Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of George Korman, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. WASH. GARBERICK, Bellefonte,
28may6t S. M. LONG,
Executors, Farmers Mills,

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of George Korman, dec'd, in Gregg twp., on Saturday, June 14: One horse, 2 shoats, top buggy, spring wagon, sleigh, running gears of a buggy, side-hill plow, patent reaper-knife grinder, one good double barreled rifle, one watch, and household furniture. Cook stove, room stove, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m., when terms will be made known. WASH. GARBERICK,
S. M. LONG,
Executors.
Samuel Leitzel, Auct.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS for taxes for 1882 and 1883 and previous years.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 12th day June, A. D., 1815, etitled "An act to amend an act, directing the mode of selling unseated lands in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in said county for the taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 9th, A. D. 1884, at one o'clock p. m.:

Acres.	Per.	Warrantee name.	Taxes.
		Benner Twp.	
58		Holms, Robert	2 04
100		Dale, Christ (owner)	4 90
		Bogus Twp.	
143		Dale, Ann part	14 27
383	163	Frazier, Nolbroa	25 83
433	163	Hannah Fishburn	41 91
433	163	Wm Gray	38 95
431	137	Martha Godfrey	45 12
433	163	Jonathan Harvey	28 86
418	40	Wm Hood	42 86
431	40	Moses Hood	33 87
181		J M Lucas & J P Packer	24 60
433	163	David Lewis	43 55
300		Frank McCoy	30 30
50		Packer and Lucas	5 04
458	84	Wm Russel	31 13
433	163	Thomas Russel	29 42
50		Jno Walker, owner	4 50
46		Jacob Leathers, owner	2 11
333	163	Michael, Weiss	29 69
		Burnside Twp.	
415		James Black	9 34
433	163	Robt Brady	19 44
433	163	Wm P Brady	9 72
433	163	John Brady	9 72
433	163	Wm Bell	12 96
433	153	Wm Bingham	56 99
415		John Boyd	18 67
433	163	John Byers	19 59
433	163	Wm Cook	19 44
433	163	John Cowdon	12 96
433	163	Wm Dewart	6 48
433	163	John Dewart	6 48
433	163	Henry Donelly	6 48
433	163	John Donelly	12 96
433	163	Sam'l M Fox	12 96
433	163	Robert Gray	6 48
433	163	Wm Gray	6 48
433	163	Thomas Gran	12 96
433	163	Alex Graves	12 96
433	163	Gharles Goben	6 48
433	163	Thos Hamilton	12 96
140		Henry Harris	12 60
433	153	Geo Harrison	19 52
433	163	John Housel	12 96
433	153	Person Hunt	45 47
433	163	John Kidd	10 35
415		Nathaniel Levi	12 43
433	163	John Lyon	12 96
433	153	Blair McLanahan	19 52
433	153	George McLanahan	45 46
433	153	Polly McLanahan	45 46
433	153	Ann McLanahan	45 46
433	150	Geo Mead	64 93
200		Wm Miller	6 00
433	163	Joseph Morris	12 96
433	153	John Nicholson	38 98
233	154	And Pettit	39 47
433	163	Henry Shaffer	12 96
415		Sarah M Tallman	12 43
433	153	Francis Tench	32 54
433	163	James Towers	9 72
415		Joseph Thomas	12 43
415		Joseph Wallace	9 34
433	163	Joseph Wallace	12 96
415		John Weitzel	11 47
415		Jacob Weidner	37 22
123		Henry Wheeler	3 66
433	163	Baird Wilson	12 86
204		Martin Withington	3 05
		College Twp.	
421		Ross Johnston	15 43
		Curtin Twp.	
434		Robert Ainsley	50 69
415		Chas Allen	50 90
376		Samuel Baird	38 35
185		Wm P Brady	37 92
397		D Carscadden	45 78
337		Lindley Coats	23 00
150		Paul Custer	13 74
30		John Curtin	3 98
200	120	D Carscadden	14 60
311		Peter Dehaven ⅝	52 82
106		Joseph Devling	12 40
434		Joseph Devling	50 78
135		Henry Donald	33 60
311		Cadwalder Evans	52 82
415		Wm Eliot	70 44
415		Ester Eddy	82 84
448	99	And Epple	73 38
415		Robt Gray	64 24
415		Wm Gray	64 24
415		Wm Gilbert	82 60
300		Martha Godfrey	83 00
300	142	John W Godfrey	44 10
120		Peter Hahn	12 24
415		Susan Hahn	64 24
60		Ed Hollowell	11 20
142		Thos Humphery	14 47
233		James Irvine	39 12
280¾		Joseph Kelso	56 80
403		Rebecca Kelso	60 18
400		Joseph Kelso	48 00
		Mary Lane	33 20
433	153	A S Valentine	52 99
150		Sarah Lane	41 50
415		Nathaniel Levi	82 90
207½		Caleb Lowns	32 46
207½		Isaac Longstreth	38 56
207½		Caleb Lowns	38 26
207½		Isaac Longstreth	38 26
70		John S Mason	12 32
450		John McCauley	45 11
200		Philip Meyer	47 00
100		Simon Meyer	23 50
420	48	Michael Meyer	95 80
420		Valentine Meyer	95 80
196		James Miller	29 12
400		Wm P Mitchell	46 80
434		Wm P Mitchell	49 78
220		Wm P Mitchell	25 74
290		John P Mitchell	33 93
110		Roger Meyers	6 49
313	112	Ellis L Oavis	36 64
434		J W Packer	49 78
42		J W Packer	4 91
15		J W Packer	1 50
110		J W Packer	12 87
326		J W Packer	38 14
52		Cline Quigley	5 54
100		Peter Smith	16 20
433	153	Samuel Scott	86 83
433	163	Mary Tallman	50 78
200		Richard Tunis	20 40
200		Richard Tunis	19 80
415		Jacob Waln	41 04
217		Fishburn Wharton	35 50
217		Fishburn Wharton	35 50
160		Jonathan Willis	11 10
415		Casper Wistar	114 90
433	163	James White	91 96
160		Jonathan Willis	11 10
461		Wm Yardley	47 00
		Ferguson Twp.	
100		Wm Burchfield	5 05
10		Abram Hicks	1 42
150		Peacock Thomas, owner	12 00
		Gregg Twp.	
130		Robt Askin	4 68
110		Jacob Mozely	2 65
130		John Mercer	4 03
120		Daniel Reese	1 93
150		Michael Zeigler	1 79
52		A Custer's est, owner	3 09
		Haines Twp.	
363	60	Thos Barr	6 51
406	60	Margt Barr	7 25
87		John of Barrows	1 20
375	60	James Barr	6 73
388	60	Mary Barr	6 92
154		Henry Beck	2 92
446	28	Hannah Dubdridge	5 92
181		Jacob Fees	2 49
406	89	Michael Gratz	7 23
400		Benard Gratz	5 35
252	140	H Gillman & S Snyder	17 06
252		H Gillman & S Snyder	12 93
435		Chas Hall	16 99
400	60	Mary Links	7 20
106		Lowery	1 38
200		Wm Parker	1 78
170		Stover & Wolf	3 04
88		Wm Fidd	83
150		D Hensel, owner	1 33
125		D Hensel, owner	1 10
25	139	John Weiss & Sol Nidigh	45
		Halfmon Twp.	
48		Daniel Beck	13 86
95		Jacob Keith	28 40
216		Josiah Lamburn	32 28
24		Jaco Vanpool, owner	4 96
63	89	C Vanpool, owner	9 33
67	76	C Vanpool, "	11 52
45		C Vanpool, "	3 08
		Harris Twp.	
400		Absolom Andre	3 80
133		Geo Fox	1 89
400		Wm Harrison	3 80
55		Richard Parker	1 89
400		James Reed	3 80
407	92	Kerney Wharton	4 23
100		Samuel Young	96
		Howard Twp.	
107	104	Samuel Brown	6 68
136	92	Jas D Harris	3 81
55		Jas D Harris	2 09
160		Jno Willis and S E End	14 32
160		Jonathan Willis	14 31
		Huston Twp.	
433	163	James Barter	25 10
120		Adam Kuhn	8 88
59		Kuhns	4 34
433	163	John Price	25 10
433	163	John Rollington	35 11
433	163	John Wheeland	25 11
		Liberty Twp.	
166		Robt and Jas Hayes	35 95
171		Geo D Hess	10 87
309	3	Robert Irvin	29 64
310		Jere Jackson	22 63
180		Peter Lytle	6 80
150		Peter Lytle	6 05
150		Jas A Quigley	10 56
168		Shaw & Lingle	8 21
349		Christian Smith	16 72
		Marion Twp.	
		Robt Lewis	4 07
37	100	David McKinney	6 20
70		Chris Rohrer	18 06
50		Wm Tilghman, owner	12 90
100		J P Harris "	12 30
19		Isaac Frain "	7 04
28		John Zeigler "	7 98
60		Simon Yarger	4 02
60		Simon Yarger	4 02
200		Robt Young	22 80
430		Robt Brady	7 94
410		Hannan Brady	7 56
255		Jane Brady	4 70
200		John Brady	3 79
440		Wm P Brady	8 14
146		Wm Brady	2 66
424		Geo Calhoun	7 80
403		James Crothers	7 42
150		Wm Cooper	2 78
320		Joseph Fearon	5 92
429		Robt Gray	7 88
476		Thos Grant	8 78
203		Wm Hamer	5 77
460		Alex Hunter	8 50
430		Jeremiah Jackson	6 28
420		Geo Kitts	5 92
300		Aaron Levy	5 45
425		Samuel Norton	7 83
300		Wm Parker	5 54
324		Richard Parker	5 98
		Jeremiah Parker	5 98
58		Wm Parker	1 03
125		Wm Stedman	2 91
200		Thomas Smith	3 70
100		Abraham Scott	1 84
50		Samuel Scott	91
150		Abraham Scott	2 77
90		Samuel Scott	1 65
130		Robert Taggert	2 39
275		John Tripp	5 07
425		Henry Toland	7 83
100		C Long, owner	1 75
125		Moore Wharton	2 38
425		David William	7 82
		Penn Twp.	
150		James Armstrong	6 00
150	10	John Cowdon	6 00
112	19	John Cowdon	3 91
150		Thomas Hamilton	6 00
150		James Hepburn	6 00
116	31	James Hepburn	4 08
150		John Kennedy	6 00
150		James Kennedy	6 00
104	89	And Kennedy	3 62
108	131	John Kennedy	3 72
113	8	James Kennedy	3 81
200		Robert Lyon	8 00
200		Ezekial Lyon	8 00
200		Benj Lyon	8 00
100		Wm Montgomery	4 00
100		Daniel Montgomery	4 00
200		Wm M'Calley	8 00
200		John McCalley	8 00
		Potter Twp.	
288		Mary Bound	4 66
81	13	Alex Cameron	1 49
20		H B Fullmer	64
132		Carothers	2 10
400		Edward Garigus	5 60
400		Wm Garigus	5 60
400		Wm Harrison	8 04
40		Livingstone	74
105		Geo McClellan	1 67
70		Jos Peck	1 49
90		John Bitner, owner	1 01
		Spring Twp.	
186	115	John Purdon	6 14
300		Catharine Robison	9 90
300		Rebecca Robison	9 90
150		Richard Robison	4 97
96	66	Henry Fool	6 60
92	102	Thomas Thornburg	6 60
100		J Gordon, owner	3 30
75		Emeline Whitney, ow'r	7 42
		Snow Shoe Twp.	
433		And Byard	107 79
433	153	Wm Bingham	80 95
433	153	Eelix Brunt	80 95
60		Geo Clymer	8 46
433	153	Geo Campbell	80 95
412	44	David Carscadden	77 04
412	44	David Carscadden	77 04
287	86	David Carscadden	47 06
433	153	Paul Cox	80 95
433	153	Thos Cuthburt	80 95
433	153	D H Cunningham	78 44
433	153	Sharp Delaney	80 95
300		Joseph Devaling	39 90
218		Samuel Dobson	27 89
433		Geo Eddy	45 48
200		Thos Fitzsimmons	23 60
433	163	Sam'l M Fox	86 58
433	163	James C Fisher	71 00
433	163	Sam'l W Fisher	80 95
60		Robert Gray	8 46
200		Jos Higby	26 80
583		James T Hale	67 18
50		James T Hale	5 25
433	153	James Hanthorn	80 95
433	153	Thos Hawthorn	80 95
433	153	Wm Lewis	80 95
433	153	Wm Lewis, lawyer	80 95
433		Samuel Linn	70 99
353		John Ligget	57 87
400		J Z Long	60 40
200		J Z Long	37 40
314		J Z Long	47 41
433	153	Jasper Maylan	70 99
433	153	Edward Mayston	70 99
433		James McManus	70 99
433	153	Blair McLanahan	70 99
433	153	Geo Meed	66 00
433	153	Wm McPherson	66 00
433	153	Thos McEwen	70 99
433	153	M T Milliken	61 03
409	73	N J Mitchell	57 64
433		Luke Misner	70 99
433		Benj R Morgan	55 45
433	153	Robert Morris	70 99
568	71	John M Nesbit	69 99
433	153	Wm Parker	55 45
216		Jeremiah Parker	27 64
216		Jeremiah Parker	27 62
360		John Pim	80 94
360	144	Hugh Pim	39 94
300		Job Reiley	54 99
360	144	John